

Contemporary Review

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No. 1085 MAY 1956

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CONTEMPORARY REVIEW

46-47 CHANCERY LANE · LONDON W.C.2

REFLECTIONS ON THE BUDGET

THE decisive question which is raised by Mr. MacMillan's Budget is whether it can lead to a stable currency. With the steps taken in the Autumn Budget and in February to raise the value of money and to restrict trading on credit, there is a reasonable hope that it may arrest inflation and stop the fall in the value of the £ sterling. The situation of our balance of payments is still precarious and unless there is a wide response to the Budget proposals we may still have to deal with serious difficulties. It is necessary that we should have time in which to build up an adequate trade reserve. Fortunately the action already taken has led to some improvement in the last five months but the current favourable balance, amounting on an average to £73 m. a month, is quite inadequate. We need a surplus of the order of £300 m. a month for some time if we are to face the future without anxiety and maintain the confidence of overseas traders. Without an adequate reserve of currency we cannot hope to establish conditions in which we can restore and increase the level of investment in industry at home.

With one or two exceptions there will be little criticism of the actual changes which are proposed. The most important is the hope of a cut of £100 m. in Government expenditure which would have some effect on inflation and set an example which is badly needed.

By assuming responsibility for the Capital needs of the Gas and Electricity Industry, the Chancellor has accepted a liability of some £350,000,000 a year. This responsibility is to last for two years, but in view of the difficulties in our domestic finances caused by the independent borrowing of the Nationalised Industries, the experience of these two years may show the desirability of a more permanent arrangement.

The belated recognition of the recommendations of the Millard Tucker Committee is very welcome. The decision to extend to self-employed persons and those not covered by Pension Schemes the tax allowances now accorded to employed people, is sound, and is a simple act of justice which should not have been so long delayed. It will bring much needed help where it is needed and the saving should help to offset the loss in Income Tax. The Family Allowances Bill, which will raise the age limits for payments for children who stay at school or are apprenticed, is also a much needed and valuable concession.

The removal of the remaining subsidy on bread will undoubtedly be seized upon as a point of criticism but it will get rid of one of the remaining illusions resulting from our war time economy. The saving from the abolition of the subsidy will be used to pay family allowances and savings concessions. It is difficult to understand why the Chancellor has decided to make an increase in the Profits Tax. There does not seem to be any economic argument in its favour, for it does not affect materially those who have adequate capital, but creates difficulties for those who are trying to extend their business. This proposal was criticised by the Royal Commission on taxation, for it can only make it more difficult to increase Capital Investments where it is badly needed and it does not help to reduce inflation. It is a bad and disorderly tax.

The proposals to encourage savings are sound and it is to be hoped that they will meet with a generous response. The success of the savings movement is of

great consequence not only as an antidote to excessive spending, but also as an aid to the reduction of floating credit. Important funding operations in the near future are unavoidable, and a big increase in savings would bring nearer the day when the credit squeeze can be eased and money made cheaper which is an essential preliminary step to funding the Floating Debt. Undoubtedly there will be much criticism of the proposed issue of Premium Bonds. It is difficult to believe this is not an element of lottery in a system in which the prizes are selected by chance and many feel that it is a sign of weakness in our National Finance to introduce a speculative system of this kind in our present situation.

The increase in the duty on tobacco is a sound step to help to offset the additional allowances which the Chancellor has given. An unfortunate feature of our trade last year was the sharp increase in our imports in relation to the increase in home output. Domestic output rose by $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent but the volume of merchandise imports rose by $11\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Apart from the great increase in imports of steel, coal and oil due to the activity of the metal using industries, the chief increase was in food, drink and tobacco. The increased duty on tobacco was 2 per cent, bringing the total to £630 m., while alcoholic drink increased by 4 per cent to £409 m. These are remarkable figures when considered in relation to our expenditure on education and health services and an increase in duty on alcoholic drinks might have been expected.

It is a depressing circumstance in our time that industry should still be divided into two sides, striving to obtain a larger share of the product of their labour, and not as a common enterprise in which all should contrive to increase efficiency of service and increased production.

It is a simple truth that if any section of the community tries to obtain a larger share of a national income which for the time being is stationary or approaching its limit, it can only succeed at the expense of some other section and any attempt of this kind can only lead to trouble.

We all want to increase and improve our standard of living, but this can only be achieved by a united industry in which all workers at all levels co-operate in a common cause.

Such a change in method and sentiment cannot be brought about by changes in the Budget or by legislation alone, although more direction from the Government is necessary and helpful.

Only by a steady advance towards co-ownership in knowledge for all concerned in industry of its purpose, methods, finance and difficulties, domestic and international, can we hope to put an end to sectional interests, and irresponsible action will only cease when all the facts are known and the nature of possible consequences foreseen.

It is the duty of any government which claims to be democratic and to draw its authority from the people, to see that the electorate have access to all the facts concerning any question at issue in order that they may form a reasoned opinion.

It may well be argued that this is no less the duty of all those responsible for the conduct and administration of industry, the Government, Employers' Organisations, Trade Unions, Industrial Federations and Professional Societies, to ensure that full information is available to those concerned in

industry at all levels.

During the last ten years our economy has been upset by recurring crises caused by inflation and aggravated by industrial conflicts. Hitherto the governments of the day, and Mr. MacMillan in his budget, have relied in the main on exhortation for restraint to check the regular demands for increased remuneration and spending. Exhortation so far has failed, and the question is raised whether there is any sound reason that it will be successful today unless there is a change in outlook stimulated by wider knowledge. There is not, as yet, any evidence that the latest appeals for restraint are likely to be more successful for the response to the Budget and the new appeal is not clear. On the contrary several important unions have recently instructed their executives to demand further important increases in remuneration, which, if successful, can only result in higher prices and costs of services to the consumer and the whole community.

The situation is more serious because some of the recent increases in wages and salaries have not yet been reflected in prices, and if the recent demands, for example of transport and distributive workers, are successful, a further impetus will be given to inflation and higher cost of living.

Fortunately there are now some notable and important signs that the need for fuller knowledge of our economic affairs is becoming recognised. The British Institute of Management has formed a committee to consider the "disclosure of information to employees."

The T.U.C. has addressed a powerful and reasoned appeal to the Institute for full information about industry, suggesting that all companies should discuss their financial affairs with the workers and give them information to make such talks effective.

The memorandum states—"What often happens now is that unions go into negotiations with only scant knowledge of how employers' products are selling and of the employers' ability to pay. In such conditions it is impossible to create mutual confidence. Employers do themselves no good and industrial relations much harm if they generate an atmosphere of suspicion through secrecy. Whatever the classification of the company, the information necessary for good industrial relations should be made available to the appropriate unions."

With the provision of full financial and costing information, together with the readiness to discuss it, the T.U.C. feels that the unions can move towards a more constructive association in industry. In such conditions, the unions can promote better human relations and bring nearer industrial democracy!

A very significant and understanding statement with the same purpose was made by Mr. Birch, General Secretary of the important Distributive and Allied Workers' Union, who, in a speech at their recent conference, after a resolution pressing for a further increase in wages had been carried, said "The continual chase of wages after prices tends to create the impression that this is the only function of Trade Unions. Not the least of the benefits of stability of wages and prices would be the opportunity to concentrate on the essential function of accepted wage levels to increased productivity and the introduction of new techniques and methods. Let us admit that under conditions of full employment responsibility lies with the Trade Union

movement as a whole to adopt a more co-ordinated policy over the whole field of wages in the true spirit of solidarity which is the essence of Trade Unionism, rather than conduct a sectional scramble for industrial achievement."

The importance of this movement to widen knowledge on which industry can be based cannot be exaggerated, and we must hope that it will succeed.

We have enjoyed full employment for the last ten years, and we can maintain it in full; but recently over-full employment has dislocated our economy and caused ever-rising prices. The problem we have to solve is how to maintain full employment and stabilise the cost of living.

It concerns everyone and everyone must contribute to it, for if it is not solved, a further increase in living standards will not be feasible and we will not be able to pay our way.

The Government has stated its purpose and policy clearly, and it must adhere to it resolutely and consistently.

There could not have been a more unfortunate prelude to the Budget or one more calculated to undermine confidence in its determination than the announcement that Postal Charges were to be raised by £15 m. and Transport Charges by £14 m.

The Post Office has very properly raised its charges to the full amount necessary to cover the deficit, but the increase in rail charges is half what it would have been if the Minister had taken the advice of the Transport Commission. As a result of this assessment, unless there is a complete change for the better in railway affairs, this will mean a deficit of £650,000 per week for the Railways which may reach £120 m. by the end of the year. This would offset the saving the Chancellor hopes to make on Government expenditure. It is a policy which is quite inconsistent with the plans of the Government.

The present situation is still precarious, but there is no doubt that the difficulties, grave as they are, can be mastered.

The Autumn Budget and Mr. MacMillan's present proposals are, for the time being, the means by which we must try to meet the most serious challenge to our future well-being since the war.

No one who remembers the wonderful reaction of the Nation to the danger of 1940 will doubt that we can again succeed, provided that all the facts and the size of the task are known to all. We must hope that the response to the Chancellor's appeal will be successful, but it may well be that a statement of the actual needs of our industry, if it is to compete effectively in the new technique and scientific age, and an estimate of our inescapable obligations to the Dominions and Dependencies would be a more dynamic and effective appeal.

H. GRAHAM WHITE.

THE PROBLEM OF GERMAN NATIONALISM

GERMAN nationalism has been characterized by the fact that of the two interwoven strains—an emphasis upon liberal constitutional rights after the Western pattern and a struggle for national power strengthened by authoritarianism and militarism—the second unfortunately carried

the day in three decisive moments. The "war of liberation" of 1813 was directed primarily against the "alien" tyrant who embodied the spirit of the French Revolution; but the "liberation" helped the survival of domestic and largely unreformed tyrants. In the Revolution of 1848 the liberal elements were not strong enough to change the constitutional and social order in Germany. Their weakness was caused by their burning concern for "national" interests, for territorial expansion at the expense of Germany's neighbours. After 1866 the Liberal party in Germany was the very opposite of what is understood by liberal in the West. It was "the proudest standard bearer of Germany's imperialistic drives and the unquestioning defender of the Second Empire's policies and institutions. Indeed, the Liberal party was the prototype of a feudalist bourgeoisie, which acquiesced in the political dictates of an experienced ruling class and accepted its set of values and images."* It was Germany's misfortune that she had a Bismarck and not a Gladstone, even not a Cavour.

Bismarck's German Empire was the product of a victorious war. Probably it was the only modern state which was created and proclaimed in front of the besieged enemy's capital. There were Germans who in 1866 and in 1871 rejected Bismarck's ethos, doubted his wisdom and strenuously objected to the way in which he founded the German state. But their number was small. The majority of the Germans welcomed the proud edifice without scrutinizing its foundation. They attributed their military victory not to fortunate circumstances and the diplomatic inferiority of Francis Joseph and Napoleon III but to an innate and permanent superiority of the German national system over the ways of Western liberalism. Yet less than half a century later—only twenty years after its founder's death—Bismarck's work built upon the Prussian monarchy collapsed. The German republic, which was proclaimed as a result of this collapse, was a republic with only few republicans, a democracy with only few democrats. It proudly carried the name *Deutsches Reich* and despised the less pretentious name *Deutsche Republik*. Thus it was no accident that in 1925, at a time when prosperity began to return to Germany and the war damage disappeared, the imperial Field Marshal Paul von Hindenburg became Germany's first popularly elected *Reichspräsident*. One year before, the old man had addressed a graduating high school class in the Republic. He told the young men that they "will revive the old Reich," and told the teachers to "educate the youth in this sense." Turning again to the graduating class he promised them that "you, my dear graduating class (*meine lieben Primaner*), will enter Paris as victors as your fathers did."[†]

It is true that Hindenburg did not foresee that it would be under Hitler's leadership that the young Germans would enter Paris, but he rightly sensed the general wish animating the Germans. They had after 1918 in their large majority learned nothing from the catastrophe of the Bismarckian Reich. The Third Reich was to revive, expand, popularize and vulgarize the glories of the Second Reich. National power and greatness took again, as they had in 1813, in 1848 and in 1870, precedence over human liberty and individual

* Sigmund Neumann, *Modern Political Parties* (University of Chicago Press, 1956), p. 356.

† Adolf Grote, "Die beschönigte Katastrophe," *Deutsche Rundschau* (Stuttgart, January, 1956) p. 21.

rights. In January 1935 the population of the Saar voted in full knowledge of the character of the Third Reich for nationalism against liberty, though the large majority of the voters were socialist workers and Roman Catholic. The Third Reich, too, as Bismarck's Reich, enjoyed great initial successes which seemed to prove to the enthusiastic Germans the superiority of their national system over that of the West. Yet Hitler's Reich, which was to last for one thousand years and which even some people in the West regarded as the way of the future, collapsed after only twelve years. The defeat of 1945 surpassed by far that of 1918.

The situation as it developed after 1945 was much more favourable to the growth of a liberal and pro-Western Germany than the situation in 1871 or in 1918. Two fundamental changes have occurred. There is no German Reich anymore, and though the Reich-mysticism still survives in small circles and in some oratory, a more sober view has on the whole accepted the transformation of the Reich into a republic. The old Reich tradition in Germany *before* the nineteenth century was non-nationalist and Christian. It was perverted in the nineteenth century into nationalist channels. One of its ancient good elements has however been revived in the post-1945 Germany, its federal character. The federal structure can provide a protection against the dangerous modern German trend towards the overvaluation of centralization, efficiency and bigness. The other change is the disappearance of Prussia. Königsberg in Eastern Prussia, where Frederick I was crowned the first Prussian king on January 18th, 1701, is today a Russian city, called Kaliningrad. The lands east of the Elbe which formed in their social-economic and psycho-political backwardness the backbone of the Prussian ruling class, are today partly under Polish administration and partly have been subjected to a social-economic revolution, which, whatever its final outcome may be, will not allow the restoration of the agrarian conditions which made Bismarck's regime possible. The centre of gravity in Germany has shifted from east of the Elbe to western and south-western Germany, to lands of a social structure and political climate closer to Western attitudes. Both President Heuss and Chancellor Adenauer represent the traditions of western Germany where they were born.

The first decade of the existence of the German Reich under the Weimar constitution was full of storm and stress. Violent putsches and terrorist acts darkened the period. Bitter resentments and utopian expectations disfigured the vision of large circles, especially of the youth, who refused to see reality and were thus willing to follow any leader who promised to undo what they regarded as the unmerited defeat of 1918 and to realize the daring dream of that world leadership to which many Germans believed themselves entitled. In comparison with the first decade after 1918 the ten years which have elapsed since the breakdown of National Socialist Germany in 1945 have been quiet and orderly. The young men who were in their early twenties in 1945 had been hardly ten years old when Hitler assumed power. Their mental and moral formation had taken place in the Third Reich. The teenagers in the 1940's were born into the Reich. One could have expected to find among them fanatical resistance to the occupation and to the new Western political order established in the German Federal Republic. No

terrorist acts were committed, however. The young German generation, perhaps for the first time in 150 years since the rise of the *Burschenschaften* in the "War of Liberation," showed itself sober and realistic. It may not be actively pro-Western; it certainly is not enthusiastically anti-Western. Anti-Western sentiments seem today much stronger in Germany among the generations in their fifties and sixties, who were born in the *Kaiserreich* and who have abandoned their faith in Hitler for a revived and re-interpreted faith in Bismarck than among the German youth. That too is one of the hopeful signs in the Germany of today.

It is more among the older than among the young Germans that one hears it said that the Western powers were stupidly mistaken by not joining Germany in her aggression against the Soviet Union. The Germans who speak in this way overlook the fact that National Socialist Germany was as anti-Western, anti-humanitarian and barbaric as the Soviet Union. The West did not select the Soviet Union as its ally nor was it Western policy which brought it into the heart of Europe. It was Germany which by dividing Poland with the Soviet Union and by abandoning the Baltic states to Moscow in 1939 destroyed those barriers which protected not only Europe but even anti-European Germany from the growth of the Soviet power. After having made common cause with Moscow against the West in 1939, Germany turned in her insatiable demand for conquest against Russia and thus unwittingly but by her own deeds brought the Soviet army into Central Europe. The West succeeded, in a war imposed upon it by Germany, to liberate large parts of Germany from the frightful tyranny of National Socialism. Unfortunately eastern Germany has not been liberated. It continues under a tyranny equally frightful and repulsive to that under which it has suffered and largely by free choice from January 1933. For Hitler's tyranny was to put it mildly no less brutal than the tyranny of the present rulers of eastern Germany.

The other argument advanced today by German nationalists of the older generation, unfortunately also among university circles, is the contention that National Socialism was not deeply rooted in some of the ideological and social traditions of Germany, especially of the Germany which developed in the nineteenth century, but was an importation from the West, a product of mass democracy and industrialization. It is true that National Socialism could not have risen in a purely aristocratic and pre-industrial society, but the fact is that it did not rise in the democratic industrial societies of the United States or of Great Britain, in spite of mass unemployment there. It rose in Germany because Bismarckian Germany became a highly industrialized country without fundamentally changing the authoritarian foundations of its society. National Socialism was not only the product of specifically German—or perhaps Central and Eastern European—conditions but above all the product of the insufficient Westernization and liberalization of modern Germany. The German Federal Republic is the first real attempt to create a Westernized and liberal modern Germany.

The West, and with it the German liberals, can on the whole be satisfied with the progress achieved by the Germans in the last ten years. Naturally the old trends are still there and are still strong, and it could not be otherwise.

The recent vote in the Saar was ominous, above all the slogans and methods employed by the German nationalist parties, especially by the Democratic Party—it is very strange how in the last years the word democracy has been abused in Central and Eastern Europe and in Asia—led by Heinrich Schneider. Again as in 1933 the Saar people put Deutschland über Alles—German national interests above all consideration of liberty or European peace. Nevertheless the Deutscher Heimatbund, the coalition of the three nationalist parties, secured only 33 seats out of 50 and did not achieve the qualified majority necessary for a change of the Saar constitution. The Christliche Volkspartei which voted for the Europeanization of the Saar received almost 22 per cent of the votes and will occupy 13 seats in the Diet. The question at issue is not so much the political future of the small territory as its economic integration through customs and monetary union with France, which is indispensable to assure France a position not too inferior, though inferior enough, compared to the rapidly growing strength of Germany. The Saar warning is not an isolated phenomenon. These last five years Germany has been extremely successful, and in modern times Germans were rarely capable to bear success without becoming overbearing.

Yet one should not overlook the great positive factors promoting the development of a liberal and Western, rational and moderate nationalism in the German Federal Republic. The youth is distrustful of the formerly so popular nationalist slogans and emotions. In the newspapers the reader will find a much greater sense of international responsibility than in the Weimar Republic. The sharp anti-French and anti-Western assertive nationalism coupled with a self-pitying sentimentalism which characterized much of the German press after the defeat of 1918 is very rare today. Even among the historians there has been a decided change for the better. After 1918 they organized a comprehensive campaign to vindicate Germany's innocence before and during the war and to convict the Allies as the cause of all the evil. Such trends are of course not missing today, but they do not dominate as they did after 1918. The *Vierteljahrshefte für Zeitgeschichte*, edited by Hans Rothfels and Theodor Eschenburg, is a quarterly, now in its fourth year, which tries to give an objective picture of the recent past and represents an important contribution to the political education of the Germans. In the famous *Historische Zeitschrift*, the oldest and representative organ of German historical scholarship, its editor Ludwig Dehio subjects Gerhard Ritter's defence of the German pre-Hitlerian militarism to a respectful but sharp criticism, which would have been unthinkable in the Bismarckian Reich or in the Weimar Republic.† In an essay of unusual brilliancy Dehio shows the connection existing between Frederick the Great, Bismarck and Hitler, in spite of the great differences in the climate of the periods—the powerful and uniquely Prussian dynamism which has caused the catastrophes of the twentieth century. "The two hundred years old policy of militarism, which has transformed an unknown small country into the mightiest continental power, has inoculated the newly formed nation with the faith in armaments, discipline and authoritarian leadership, and finally led Germany from the continental soil, in which Prussian policy

† Ludwig Dehio, "Um den deutschen Militarismus," *Historische Zeitschrift*, vol. 180 (August 1955), pp. 43-64.

developed, into the alien oceanic spaces. The deepest roots of the catastrophe which befell Germany was the German imperialism with its tremendous navy, the outgrowth of the old militaristic Prussian policy in the midst of a new and different society," the nature of which the Germans did not comprehend.

Dehio's article is only one contribution to the discussion about the wrong turns which German policy but even more the German mind took in the last two hundred years; this discussion started in Germany after 1945 with an insight and a courage which has been unknown since 1870. In a recent short book, the translation of which into English would be most desirable, Ludwig Dehio warns against the revival of old illusions, against the widespread German tendency to forget that the most terrible World War, a German world war, had cost mankind unprecedented sufferings. § Twice, Dehio says, the Germans erred in putting national unity and power before individual and constitutional liberty. He warns against a third attempt of this kind, the case for which is strongly put by many "neutralists." There is good reason for hope that the German Federal Republic will heed this warning. The chances for a free Germany in the Western sense of the word, a Germany co-operating with the West in the interests of human liberty and humanitarian civilization, seem better today, in spite of the recrudescence of manifestations of the older forms of German nationalism, than at any time in the last one hundred years.

Harvard University.

HANS KOHN.

§ Ludwig Dehio *Deutschland und die Weltpolitik im 20. Jahrhundert*, (Munich: Oldenbourg, 1955).

THE REAL DRAMA OF ALGERIA

SENSATION-HUNGRY reporters feed the world press with news of this or that massacre. News bulletins state the alleged or real number of human beings destroyed by other human beings in that tragic land of Algeria. But the real tragedy is not the clash between two national wills: the Algerian one for freedom and the French one for continued domination. The clash of two nationalisms is only incidental, dramatically so. For the bulk of the Algerian people the problem is one of securing a better living standard: get enough to eat, a decent home to live in, decent clothes to wear. This wish has all too often been frustrated, and that frustration has proved a fertile ground for extremist propaganda.

The French do not wish to subjugate the Algerians as such. At least, the bulk of the French in France and Algeria do not. The Algerian French live as they would in France, without mingling socially with the Algerians. They do not know the country's aborigines and ignorance leads to a semi-contemptuous semi-paternalistic attitude. A few, powerful Europeans do control the destinies of Algeria. This small but almighty group has powerful friends in Paris, capable of blocking any effective move by any Paris government towards breaking the group's stranglehold on the Algerian economy. But to free Algeria from that group does not mean to ban all the French from Algeria. On the contrary. An independent Algeria would be even worse off than the country is in the presence of the worst existing French abuses. Indeed, the country lacks all major natural resources on which a country's economic prosperity can be built. It lacks enough farm-

land to make even a return to pre-1830 farming economy possible. It has no way of securing the necessary capital with no political strings attached to it. There are enough potential native bosses and demagogues to impose on the average Algerian the kind of Oriental dictatorship which would make the worst aspects of French misrule fade away into oblivion.

"Algeria is French," the slogan goes, "Algeria is part of France." What is really wrong with these two phrases is that they do *not* reflect the truth. If Algeria *were* part of France, there would today be no banditism, no underground nationalist movement. The best leaders of the nationalist resistance, Ferhad Abbas and others, were great believers in Algeria's full integration with France. But that is precisely what *failed* to happen, and that failure drove those men into armed opposition.

Both in Algeria and in France, where 300,000 Algerians are living, half of them unemployed, subsisting more like beasts than humans, most of the others exploited sub-proletarians suspected of every crime and misdeed which happens to be committed in their neighbourhood. The Algerians do not wish first of all to throw out the French from Algeria; they wish, first of all, to be treated like the European French citizens, seeing that they, the aborigines have been legally declared citizens of France! They wish to see their children being given the same start in life French children are. They want to be given a chance to learn something, train for jobs which pay the kind of salaries or wages which allow the head of a family to feed, clothe and house his family according to at least minimum standards of decency. Half of Algeria's native population is underfed. Half the would-be bread-winners cannot get jobs, either because no jobs exist or because the qualifications are beyond an ordinary native Algerian's educational level. Whose fault is it? Algeria is not an oppressed native country, it is a neglected country where a tenth of the population lives from moderately well to very well and the bulk of the other nine tenths (the natives) live near or beyond the starvation level.

Algeria's basic drama may be defined as "a demographic explosion," without parallel in the world in a country most poorly endowed by nature. Indeed, Algeria's population exceeds the 9 million mark, yet of a country larger than France, only a small strip is cultivable, actually 6 million hectares. Of this area, some of the best lands are in European hands. Partly because the conquering French in the 1830's simply drove the conquered natives away from their homes along the fertile coastal strip to make way for French settlers; but partly, also, because European agricultural methods are infinitely superior to native near-Stone Age methods, and yield consequently better results. Yet even so, the average yield of the land under cultivation does not exceed 7 quintals per hectare (in France the ratio is 241). Each year, erosion ruins some 40,000 hectares of potentially fertile farmland. At present the maximum irrigation possible in Algeria would reclaim 180,000 hectares—far from enough. Yet the native peasant population keeps steadily increasing. Now there are about 8 million native Algerians; in 1975 there will be over 15 million of them. How are they to secure their living? The farming acreage is, if anything, dwindling, and there are few possibilities in industry.

The country lacks sources of natural energy. Solar energy could, of course, be harnessed, given the necessary capital. But where is the capital to come from? Mineral resources are scant. Few textiles grow in Algeria. Few forests have survived constant depredations of the woodlands, and the effect of goats on young trees. Huge distances between settled areas increase tremendously transportation costs of products of farm and factory. Besides, since Algeria is considered as part of France, the country has no protecting customs barrier against cheap metropolitan manufactured goods. Algeria is an important market for metropolitan France. Unfortunately even the cheap manufactured goods from across the Mediterranean are beyond the reach of the great mass of the native Algerian population. Industry, ideally, satisfied two needs: it produces goods and services needed for an increasing standard of living; but it also provides the workers and their families with the necessary incomes to buy those goods and services. With the industries operating in France, the native Algerian could in theory buy all sorts of goods and services to improve his living standards—but French industry does not give him the income, the work enabling him to earn the income, which would enable him to buy. A few years ago, after a particularly bountiful orange-harvest, millions of oranges were dumped into the sea because there was no market for them. Many native children have never tasted an orange, because the parents did not grow orange-trees and could not afford to buy any oranges.

I said above that there are about 8 million native Algerians. Yet only 2.5 million are actively employed, that is earning wages or growing food etc. The breakdown of this figure gives the following picture: 1.8 millions have land to work on, owning it or renting it at a terrific rent from native land-owners who exploit them most mercilessly. Then there are 170,000 persons who are fortunate enough to be permanently employed as wage-earners. Only a few days ago, was permission granted for the native Algerians to organise their own union (l'Union des Syndicats des Travailleurs Algériens). Farm-labour wages at present run from 380 to 420 Francs (a little over 7 to a little over 8 shillings sterling) a day for those workers, who are considered the workers' aristocracy, the privileged élite of farm-labour. Another 700,000 native Algerians are owners of their farms, or tenant farmers, or else nomads. With their families these people constitute the majority of the native population. Their global income is £135 millions a year (£19 per capita). Last come some 900,000: occasional workers and the unemployed.

Day after day starving, exhausted men, women and children give up the fruitless struggle on a rocky, ungrateful soil and stream into shack-towns made of old discarded petrol cans, boxes and sacks, that surround the modern cities the French have built. The population of these shack-towns increased rapidly over the last years, rising from 1.8 million in 1948 to 2½ million in 1955. Since 1930 the native population has doubled. One quarter of it today is of the 15-25 years' age group, and they are, most of them, unable to get a job, any job. Yet the French leading *colons* still feel that what was possible in 1930 is still all right today. Or else, if they are more liberal-minded, they feel that the granting of French citizenship, on paper, to the natives, and a few minor electoral reforms will satisfy all native

demands. But an electoral bulletin produces no food, clothing or shelter. Nor does the person elected, who is generally a colon, (owing to the 'arrangements' of the electoral system, or a feudal native "boss" (a caïd or mukhtar), even pretend to propose radical economic and social reforms.

Some initiatives did come from France, initiatives not dictated by the *colons* (settlers): one aimed at industrialising Algeria and thus producing both goods and jobs with incomes to enable the natives to buy those goods. What happened? Everything was prepared to receive the necessary capital: buildings and roads were constructed . . . but the capital never arrived. French investors had no confidence in Algeria . . . and that was long before any native violence had started. It took ten years for 160 medium to small factories to be built in Algeria. Some time ago that hesitant movement came to a stop. The old liberal methods in economics might work in advanced countries, they will not in semi-feudal and colonial Algeria. The next attempt was the modernisation of Algerian native agriculture. But this too was doomed to failure. The fact is that the native rural population is increasing at a rate which fails to keep pace with the extension of cultivable acreage. Even if the French authorities were to become dictatorial and confiscate the acres and acres of vineyards (400,000 hectares today produce the notorious Algerian wine) in order to replace the grape by cereals, no more than 8 million quintals would thus be added to existing output. Far more economical to send the French wheat surplus to Algeria (this surplus exceeded 40 million quintals last year). As regards Algeria's industrialisation it would have to proceed at a terrific pace, for one million Algerians are now without jobs. Many of them are unskilled. There are not even enough schools in Algeria to provide for the compulsory primary education which the law decrees for the children of all French citizens (remember: Algerians are French citizens under the new law).

What other solution is there now? An organised mass migration of native Algerians to France. Ten millions of them, sent to France, not by shady outfits bent on ruthless exploitation, but by some serious government agency, would immediately decongest Algeria, and at the same time provide the farm-workers and industrial workers the metropolis needs. Besides, France has a sufficient number of abandoned farms on fairly good soil, which could be made available to properly trained Algerians. But, of course, the Algerian immigrants would have to be socially and economically integrated into the French population. After all, France is a racial melting-pot, if there ever was. Given proper schooling and good professional training, Algerians could be easily absorbed into the bulk of France's population. At present, some 300,000 Algerians live in France. Half of them only have jobs, but the employers of the greatest number of them declare them to be excellent and most reliable workers. Every year, at present, some 20,000 Algerians emigrate across the Mediterranean to France. But housing conditions, hygienic conditions, in a word: the living conditions of the greatest number of France's Algerians are terrible. They are ruthlessly exploited by French landlords, shopkeepers, restaurant-owners.

France's first step towards solving the problem of Algeria in the sense of "integration" would be to provide immigrants to metropolitan France with

decent housing, jobs, vocation guidance and training, and social services. This would rally to the cause of "integration" more millions of Algerians than the despatching to Algeria of another half million French troops. Already now, the badly paid and overworked Algerians working in France send some £30 million of their savings to their kin at home ($=\frac{1}{3}$ of Algeria's income). With a much greater Algerian labour force in France, better cared for and better paid, so much more would be sent home to Algeria, that a real native demand for goods and services would rapidly be created to make rapid industrialisation of the country worth-while. This, in turn, would mean that the now industrially-trained native workers could return home to decent jobs. This would mean a great step in the right direction.

But a sudden and surprising victory of the Algerian nationalists over the French, compelling them to withdraw across the sea would solve nothing. It would merely plunge Algeria into one of the world's worst economic crises with no hope of getting out of it. The most ruthless of the French *colons* in Algeria, Triboulet and Borgeaud, already suggested, "to teach the Algerians a lesson," that all the settlers should, after being duly compensated, quietly leave Algeria and thus plunge the natives into the darkets possible economic misery. . . . Yet France would benefit materially from such a move: for the present war effort costs France £15 million a month and in case of military victory it will cost a lot more to rebuild and then to start a programme of economic and social development to prevent positively a new outburst of desperate violence. The Algerian War today is a War of Hunger, a primitive expression of endless misery which prompts men "to die on their feet rather than live on their knees." A crushing French defeat and a crushing French victory would both have disastrous results. . . . Only a negotiated compromise solution can save, not merely the situation and France's prestige, but the very life of the Algerians and . . . the foundations of Western Defence, of NATO . . . Egypt, Yemen, Libya, Syria appealed to Russia, and not in vain . . . How long will desperate Algerian nationalist leaders wait to do the same?

DAVID PHILIP.

THE ROMANCE OF BIBLICAL ARCHAEOLOGY

EVERYWHERE today the interest in antiquity is kindled. In England the Penguin and Pelican books on archaeology are the best-sellers; the television programme "Animal, Vegetable or Mineral," which, in spite of its title, deals with archaeology, is one of the most popular. The finding of the Mithras temple in a London bombed site a year ago was a national event. In the Land of Israel the interest in the discovery of antiquity is perhaps greater than elsewhere. For the whole of the population, engaged in rebuilding the national life, feels a personal contact with the recovery of the past of the Land of the Bible. And in that land wherever you go you tread on history. Three archaeological expeditions today in Israel attract the attention of the country. The first is working on the vast mound and encampment of Hazor in Galilee, a few miles south-west of Lake Huleh. That is the biggest antiquity site not yet explored in the whole of Palestine. The expedition is directed by General Yigael Yadin, now Lecturer in Archaeology at the Hebrew University of Jerusalem, who was the Chief of

Staff of the Israel Army in the War of Independence. He is the son of the late Professor Sukenik, the archaeologist of the University, who acquired and interpreted three of the famous Dead Sea Scrolls. (The son has, in the way of Israelis, taken a Hebrew name). He spent two years of research in England, since he resigned his post in the Army, working on one of the Scrolls. The expedition is financed by Mr. James de Rothschild and a group of British Jews interested in the archaeology of the Bible, and it is designed to extend over four years.

The work was begun last summer by a group of teachers and students of the Hebrew University, and has already given extraordinary results. Thirty years ago, Professor Garstang, Director of the Department of Antiquities of the Mandatory Government of Palestine, in his scientific study of the campaigns of Joshua made some soundings in the mound, and identified the place as that where Joshua routed the hosts of the Canaanite Kings. "For Hazor before-time was the head of all those Kingdoms" (Joshua 11.10). Later we read in the Book of Judges that Jabin of Hazor had 900 chariots of iron with which he oppressed Israel for twenty years, till his captain Sisera was destroyed in the battle against Barak and the prophetess Deborah. Later again it was a stronghold of King Solomon and the Kings of Israel. Professor Garstang found no trace of Mycenaean pottery on the site, and so judged that the city had been destroyed by Joshua before the 13th century B.C. and therefore that Joshua's conquest of the Promised Land must be placed before that date. In the first year of the expedition many pieces of Mycenaean pottery of beautiful workmanship have been found, so that doubt is thrown on Professor Garstang's chronology, but not on his identification of the site. What has been disclosed makes it clear that the mound and its encampment were a seat of rule continuously in Bible times, from long before the conquest of Joshua till the destruction of Hazor by the Assyrian King Tiglat Pileser III, in the year 732 B.C.

The Tell is composed of seven strata of settlement. It covers about 25 acres—large in the scale of antiquity sites—and rises to a height of 14 metres. Adjacent to it is the camp enclosure which is spread over 150 acres to the north of the Tell, and was defended along its western length by a rampart of beaten earth and a deep moat, such as is found also in the Hittite city of Carchemish in Syria. The remarkable finds in the Tell include the upright stones of a High Place. Still more sensational were a group of basalt stelae, roughly but clearly sculpted. One showed the upraised hands in prayer, and the disc, perhaps of the sun, perhaps of the moon. Another of the stelae was sculpted with the head of a lion, exactly like that of the Hittite monuments in Anatolia. In the same place was a truncated statue of a man or god, sitting in a position of worship. The head which fitted the body was found nearby. Thanks to the indestructible basalt stone of the region there is an unparalleled quarry here of the Canaanite religion.

Over 12,000 objects have already been found in the dig: pottery of the most varied design and provenance, alabaster vases, ivory tablets, carved bone amulets, decorated with sculptured Phoenixes in the Phoenician style, and Egyptian scarabs. The first year's soundings in the encampment next the Tell have proved that here was a big city with a population estimated at

40,000, as well as a vast park for chariots. The expedition promises in the succession of years to make an addition to our knowledge of the Bible times, such as the digging at Ur of the Chaldees has given, and such as the present expedition of the Palestine Exploration Fund on the Tell of Jericho—which is in the Kingdom of Jordan—is giving today. What has emerged strikingly from scientific archaeology in our day, alike in Egypt and Palestine, in Greece and Anatolia, is how closely knit was the world of antiquity. It would seem that there was a freedom of movement and communication in the 18th or 14th century B.C. not less than in the 14th or 18th century A.D.

The second expedition is working in a Jewish necropolis of the Roman age, hidden in the folds of the Galilean hills near Nazareth. For the last three years it has been passing from discovery to discovery. The site, which was originally struck by the fortunate find of a Jewish watchman of a collective settlement in the hills, has been identified with fair certainty to be Beit Shearim, the "House of Gates," of which we know from the Talmud. It was the city of the Sanhedrin—the supreme religious authority of Jewry—in the second and third centuries of the Christian Era. On top of the hill is the ruin of a big synagogue which has yet to be thoroughly excavated. What has been revealed during the three years is an endless line of tomb chambers and catacombs bored into the rocky lime-stone wall below. Hundreds bear inscriptions, usually roughly cut, in a variety of languages, Hebrew, Aramaic, Greek—the most frequent—and Palmyrean. They record the names of persons who lived in all parts of the Jewish Dispersion. It would seem that here was the place in the Holy Land where the pious and the rich of that period liked to be buried, just as in modern times the Mount of Olives by Jerusalem has been the favourite burial place of the pious Jews of the Dispersion. The entrance to the Necropolis was a gate with three arches: whence this name.

In 1954 the Expedition came on a chamber of particularly good construction; in it were catacombs empty, but inscribed with the names of Rabbi Gamaliel and Rabbi Shimeon. Those were the names of the two sons of the famous Rabbi Judah, surnamed The Prince, who was the greatest Jewish sage of the second century, and who compiled the code of the oral law known as the Mishnah. It is believed that another empty chamber, which bore no inscription, was the burial place of Rabbi Judah himself. Then, last summer, the archaeologists, directed by Professor Mazar, the President of the Hebrew University, came on a vast chamber crowded with sarcophagi, most of them empty, and piled up in disorder. The lids of many had been torn off and thrown to the ground. A few had beautifully executed Hebrew and Greek inscriptions. One is decorated with sculptured dragons, another with carved heads of lions. From the main hall underground ways lead into more chambers crowded with more sarcophagi, which have not yet been examined. It would seem that tomb robbers had broken into the necropolis and rifled everything. The robbers had indeed left pottery lamps that could be dated in the 8th or 9th century. Here again, as in Hazor, a vista of treasure trove has opened to scholars for the years to come.

The third expedition was working in the desolate area round the Western

shores of the Dead Sea, and last year discovered the fortress retreat of King Herod built in the heart of the mountain of Massadah. There the Jewish Zealots made their last desperate stand against the Romans after the destruction of the Temple by Titus in the year 71 A.D. Josephus, the historian of the Wars of the Jews and the Romans, has given a vivid description of the fortress palace. The site had been superficially examined many times; and the lines of circumvallation, the camps of the Roman besiegers, and the citadel which was held by the Zealots were clearly visible. But no serious search had been made in the steep and dangerous hillside for the hidden palace. Now it has been uncovered, and the expedition revealed an amazing structure of columned halls, with Corinthian capitals, vast reservoirs and granaries. It was a mountain retreat which may be compared with Hitler's eyrie in Berchtesgaden. The scientific investigation of the palace, begun in the spring 1955, was interrupted for more pressing calls of archaeology elsewhere which could be carried out only in the dry summer. This site, in the rainless area of the Dead Sea, will keep intact, and it is hoped to renew the search this spring.

The three major archaeological revelations of the year do not exhaust the activities of the Hebrew University and the Israel Government Departments of Archaeology. Jaffa-Tel Aviv, the largest town in Israel, takes pride in uncovering its past and establishing its credentials in the history of antiquity. Last year the municipal archaeologist lighted upon relics of the ancient port of Jaffa, dating from the 2nd millennium B.C. It is close to the Turkish town, which is now engulfed in the vast urban expansion.

Then, 30 miles to the north, at Caesarea, which was the chief place in the Roman province of Palestine—the Tel Aviv, as it were, of the first five centuries of the Christian era—and which has already given many relics of the Graeco-Roman civilisation, the Director of the Department of Antiquities uncovered a lovely mosaic floor of a Byzantine church on the outskirts of the Roman harbour. The floor is decorated with vivid coloured pictures of the animals and birds of that age. In a field nearby two big headless statues, one of white marble and the other of porphyry, bear witness to the culture of the city of the early Christian fathers in the 4th and 5th centuries. A Jewish fishing village and a Jewish collective settlement, bearing the name "Meadows of the Sea," which are set in the perimeter of Roman Caesarea, are building up a local museum. The amateur archaeologists of their society make continuous additions to it of spoil from the sea and from the land. So the regeneration of the Bible Land by the people of Israel returning from all corners of the earth is linked with the recovery of the historic past.

A very recent example illustrates the spirit. One of the major settlement enterprises of Israel today is in the southern coastal region that bears the name of Lachish, and is the biblical land of the Philistines. The mound of Lachish itself was thoroughly explored in the period of the British Mandate, and gave up wonderful and unexpected treasures, including the Hebrew Letters of Lachish, inscribed on potsherds, which are contemporary with the prophecies of Jeremiah. Today another mound, believed to cover another famous Philistine city, Gath, is to be explored. The Tell is in the midst of the fertile area in which the new immigrants to Israel are being

rapidly and systematically settled. And the urban centre-designate, which is already named "City of Gath," includes a quarter for the housing of the archaeologists who will explore the mound. NORMAN BENTWICK.

CARIBBEAN SNAPSHOTS

FEDERATION of the British territories in the Caribbean region has been in the air for the best part of a century. Now it seems, as the outcome of decisions taken at the conference which took place in London in February, that it will come into being in less than two years' time. Evolution of opinion in this direction has been slow, but realisation of the need for combination of small communities into larger units in order that they may have a voice loud enough to be heard in the modern world has produced a favourable mental climate. The improvement of communications brought about by air services has provided the material link which has made the federation of a number of small islands scattered over a thousand miles of sea a practical possibility in place of a vision. Unfortunately the two mainland territories of British Guiana and British Honduras will not be foundation members, and this omission is a source of weakness since they alone have the unused lands needed to absorb the overspill of densely populated islands. The way of entry has been left open and we must hope that they will before long decide that their interests and those of the island partners in the Caribbean federation will be best served by participation in the task of building a new Dominion which will be able to stand on its own feet financially and so acquire full control of its destiny.

Multi-racial co-existence and constitutional experiments have made this part of the Commonwealth into a political laboratory. Africans, Indians and Europeans are to be found together in Natal in a not very different kind of landscape. There too are flowering trees, sugarcane, bananas, pineapples, citrus, mangoes and mangroves, but not so many palms, for Natal has a cooler winter and a well marked dry season. Politically, however, in human relationships, the difference between South Africa and the West Indies is enormous, some may doubt as to whether constitutional changes in the Caribbean as in some other parts of the Commonwealth have run somewhat too far ahead of education and political experience. The answer should soon be known and probably will not depend entirely on local happenings. Britain through her economic policy cannot fail to exert a very strong influence on the future of dependent territories, where unemployment is a chronic disease whose consequences have lately become only too apparent in the expanding stream of West Indians, mainly from Jamaica and Barbados, which is pouring into the United Kingdom. Economic depression in the Caribbean, particularly if attributable to failure to ensure a remunerative market in Britain for products which the metropolitan Government has encouraged the West Indian territories to produce, would certainly give rise to tensions that ought to be avoided.

These are high level matters—like the flights in Constellations at 19,000 feet above the sea from London across a cloud-covered North Atlantic to the ice rink which is Newfoundland's Gander airport in mid-winter, and then by way of Bermuda and Barbados to Trinidad. Local journeys over the

Caribbean are made at the 8,000 feet level from which the air traveller surveys the Caribbean lands in their incredible setting of blue and green and gold. At this height one not only sees much more detail but the full colour is in the picture too. As colour is an integral part of the scenery and life thereabouts, its absence distorts the view. Later, flying from Miami to New York, I realised how much of the colour disappears from the earth view when one is three miles high or more. Is there a moral in this? Some of the roughest air I have encountered during journeys extending over several continents and oceans gave our Dakota a good tossing on its way to Atkinson Field in British Guiana. The Gulf of Paria and the "Wild Coast" of South America, partly covered with the large rain clouds that were bringing belated and unwanted downpours to British Guiana and Trinidad, in what should have been one of the drier months, made repeated attacks on our stability.

British Guiana is a strange country, geographically and in other ways. Its population pattern is even more complex than that of the islands, for it still contains a number of Amerindian communities. Among the Europeans the Portuguese speaking element outnumbers those of other origins by four to one. Much money will be needed to equip this territory with a good road system and the job is not being rushed. The greater part of the road connecting Georgetown with Atkinson Field airport is a disgrace. It is a great pity so little was done before 1914, when the cost of engineering works was so much less, to open up the interior by building a railway to the savannah country. Had that been done British Guiana—as large as Britain but with only half a million inhabitants—might well have been able to absorb large numbers from the over-populated islands and be glad to take them, instead of rejecting the idea of immigration and shying at the idea of Caribbean federation, perhaps on this account as much as for any other reason. But for the enterprise of the mining companies interested in bauxite, gold and diamonds and some exploitation of the up-river forests, most of British Guiana outside the coastal belt is an almost uninhabited waste. Just what the extensive interior is good for is debatable. Absence of effort to utilise such large unoccupied areas is today both a reproach to the owner and a temptation to other parties to put forward claims.

On returning to Trinidad from Georgetown and landing at Piarco airport, my host whisked me away to an *al fresco* dinner where most of the notables of the island seemed to be gathered enjoying the food and drink spread on tables under a tree festooned with coloured fairy lights. Behind this a girls' steel band played soft calypsos on melodious if most unpromising looking instruments. That introduction to Trinidad was followed next day by a drive to Stobles Bay and a short journey by launch to Gaspari island. Then came a swim, lunch and siesta at a week-end cottage in a lovely cove facing the western end of the Northern Range on the opposite shore. Port of Spain, like Kingston, may seem somewhat over-warm and humid to visitors from colder climates even in the drier months, but the bays of the north coasts of both Trinidad and Jamaica are within easy reach, and no obstacle keeps the trade wind away from those exquisite tropical beaches. Oil is still the foundation of Trinidad's prosperity and gives it a unique position in the British Caribbean. It is true that the oil industry depends

on its refineries, much of whose raw material comes from Venezuela, as much as on the local oil wells. This may be altered if the drilling operations in the Gulf of Paria result in the discovery of an extensive submarine reservoir. Trinidad has oil jetties half a mile longer than Southend Pier, which projects a mile and a quarter into the Thames estuary. The information room at Pointe à Pierre is a source of enlightenment which no one who wishes to gain an insight into the working of the petroleum industry should miss. It is remarkably well arranged and more enlightening to the non-expert visitor than an inspection of the retorts and coloured piping of the refineries themselves. Crude oil is a valuable source of sulphur which is now one of the by-products at Pointe à Pierre. Recovery of sulphur from the chimney gases of coal- and oil-fired power stations and coke ovens is likely to become more and more practised as deposits of natural sulphur become exhausted. There is ample scope for such activity. It is estimated that something like 300,000 tons of sulphur are poured into the foggy air of Britain each year by electricity generating stations alone, with evil results to health and the fabric of buildings.

If Trinidad's economy still floats on oil, much is being done to bring about a better balance. Among products of the surface soil sugar is unlikely to lose its lead, and the success achieved in dealing with "walking clay" lands by bulldozing the tops of hills into the lower ground is adding to the acreage of sugar lands and producing high yields of cane from soil that had been regarded as unsuitable. A period of high prices for cocoa stimulated efforts to rehabilitate cocoa growing. The citrus and the coconut industries both have their processing factories.

Larger supplies of home-grown food are as great a need in Trinidad as elsewhere in the Caribbean, and much attention is being given to developing new areas for rice growing and increasing the supply of fish and meat; the African lake fish known as *Tilapia* has been imported to stock ponds. In the Imperial College of Tropical Agriculture the tropical territories of the Commonwealth possess a training establishment and a research centre which will prove of ever-growing value. Stimulated by tax exemptions, low rentals and assistance in financing, the establishment of a varied assortment of secondary industries is going ahead. An extensive transmission and distribution network links the generating plants and permits electricity to be supplied over the greater part of the island at reasonable rates. Its *per capita* consumption from the public supply is now substantially larger than that of Jamaica. It would certainly seem that in Trinidad the conditions exist for the development of a multi-racial society with a reasonable standard of living, provided that there is no repetition of the depressed state of the agricultural industries which characterised so much of the past hundred years and that the wrong sort of politicians can be kept away from the helm. Control of the first of these conditions does not rest with the local Government nor altogether with London, although Britain's economic policy can do a great deal to help or hinder. Control of the second rests mainly in local thought and action, although this too must be greatly influenced by external events. Of course these remarks apply equally elsewhere in the Caribbean.

From Trinidad, past Barbados, Antigua, St. Kitts—none of which show their most attractive faces to the air tourist—San Juan, in the "Commonwealth of Puerto Rico", and along the southern coast of Hispaniola the sky was almost cloudless, except for the dark swirls surrounding the volcanic peaks of Martinique and Guadeloupe, but over the Windward Passage there was a fleecy carpet below the aircraft covering all the sea between Haiti and Jamaica. The light of day had gone from the earth as we approached the western tip of Jamaica, but the sky was still pale and there were orange and yellow bands across the western side of the vault. Out of the dark masses of the John Crow and Blue Mountain ranges the Peak stood up against the dusk sky, a spectacle of great beauty which vanished all too quickly as the Viking dipped towards Palisadoes. Another sky view of Jamaica remains in the memory, gained on a flight from Palisadoes to Montego Bay. Flying towards and along the north coast one sees innumerable hummocks topping the high ground. This part of Jamaica might well be known as the Range of a Thousand Summits. Their appearance recalls the story that Columbus, whose first view of the island was derived from a voyage along its northern shores, when asked to describe it on his return to Spain, took a piece of paper, crumpled it in his hand and said: "that is Jamaica."

One does not have to traverse the island by air to find prospects of astonishing beauty. Indeed to name only those which readily come to mind would look like a gazetteer. The sweep of the mountain backdrop of Kingston with its ever-changing lighting as seen from Port Royal is one. Here the Captain Morgan's Harbour swimming pool faces this glorious mountain panorama. Even more breath-taking is the downward view over Kingston from Irish Town or New Castle. By day or night this is one of the world's best. It must be seen in the early morning before the mists and clouds begin to veil the distant hills and valleys if its daylight glories are to be fully revealed. After dark the twinkling lights of Kingston and the University seem to lie at the bottom of a limpid pool. Different, but delightful in their own distinctive ways, are the old plaza of Spanish Town and the gorge of the Rio Cobre, leading to that rather unpleasantly named centre of activity Bog Walk. One can find still more repellent buccaneers' or maroons' place-naming without much searching.

It was interesting to see in Jamaica a still more recent example of Canadian enterprise in the exploitation of bauxite deposits like the now forty-years'-old installations at Mackenzie in British Guiana. The ore at Shooters' Hill near Mandeville is not quite so rich as that of British Guiana. But the Jamaica deposits are good enough to have induced very heavy capital investment in the treatment plant and in the construction of a new port with elaborate storage and conveyor equipment and a jetty, alongside which two ocean-going vessels can berth. Molasses and eventually sugar will also be loaded at Port Esquivel, named after the first Spanish Governor of Jamaica. Alumina from Mandeville is sent through the Panama Canal and up the Pacific coast of North America to the great new aluminium smelters at Kitimat in British Columbia where cheap electricity generated from an enormous river diversion project makes this long sea haul worthwhile. Agricultural development and the establishment of secondary industries are

going ahead in Jamaica too, though the pattern is somewhat different, and there has been rather too much of a surge in the expansion of sugar growing. Here as in Trinidad marketing problems are beginning to reappear, particularly in the case of citrus and bananas, both of which have recently become the subject of agreements of a price-supporting character with the local and United Kingdom Governments behind them.

Over-population is a menace which is common to many of the world's islands. A line of attack on over-rapid increase which one large estate owner believes to have much merit is the installation of electric light in as many dwellings as possible to enable other occupations to be pursued in a region where there are long nights throughout the year. Taxi drivers everywhere, like customs and immigration officials, can be helpful, indifferent or just "baskets." The Caribbean types conform to the general pattern. The visitor does well to pay heed to the warnings of residents never to engage one without first ascertaining what he proposes to charge for the journey. These characters have no lack of language when engaged in argument with their fares. Also, the visitor from sterling countries is inevitably at somewhat of a disadvantage in places where there is a co-existing U.S. dollar standard of extravagance, and the taxi drivers, being human, naturally do their best to take their share of the harvest. It would be ungracious to end on a sour note these disconnected jottings about a delightful region in which so much kindness and hospitality were bestowed on me. I left with real regret hoping that it would be possible to make another and much longer visit—and soon.

G. H. LEPPER.

VICTORIAN MEMORIES

VIII. PARIS IN THE 'NINETIES

MY autumn in Berlin in 1895 was followed a year later by an autumn in Paris. I lodged with a family the head of which had been born a Catholic but was now studying for the Protestant Ministry. There was none of the usual bellicosity of the convert about him, and his sweetness of temper attracted both Catholic and Protestant friends to his home in Passy. The Protestants of France are a small community, numbering scarcely more than half a million and scattered in little groups which had survived the massacre of St. Bartholomew and the savage fury of the *dragonnades*. But their importance, like that of the Quakers, is out of proportion to their numbers, for they represent one of the most valuable elements in the national life. It is almost as rare for a French Protestant as for an English Quaker to find himself a prisoner at the bar. I was well aware that either a Catholic or a freethinking family would have been far more representative of the main sections of French society, but I had every reason to be content with my lot. My host was full of stories of the celebrities he used to see in Versailles which the victorious Germans made their headquarters during the siege of Paris and which remained the seat of government during the opening phase of the Third Republic. By the time of my visit in 1896 France had recovered her resilience and had found a friend in Russia after two decades of impotent isolation.

Knowing the chief sights of Paris from previous visits it was the academic world which I had come to explore. The University has been a beacon light since the Middle Ages, and the French capital is unique in possessing a sister institution of scarcely inferior prestige in the Collège de France. The celebrated foundation of Francis I, beginning with the three chairs of Theology, Hebrew and Greek, had grown into a corporation where almost every department of learning was represented. While the University lectures were only for students, the class-rooms of the Collège de France were open to the public and in some cases were filled to the door. I was too late to hear Renan, but it was a familiar story how visitors attracted by his world-wide fame would take their seats beneath his desk and crawl away when he proceeded to elucidate a Semitic text. A more flagrant example of lion-hunting was to occur a few years later when Bergson's *Evolution Créatrice* was the talk of the town, and *tout Paris*, including the fair sex in the latest creations of the Rue de la Paix, crowded the corridors to catch a glimpse of the little Jew who looked like an intelligent bird.

It was a delight to see and to hear the celebrities, particularly when I was familiar with some of their works. The leading figure in history at the Sorbonne was Lavissee, joint editor with Rambaud of the *Histoire Générale* and sole editor of the still greater *Histoire de France*. He was lecturing on the age of Louis XIV, to which he devoted the most enduring of his writings. His were the only lectures I ever attended where the door was locked to exclude late-comers and early-goers—an assertion of authority characteristic of the man. In ancient history Maspero the Egyptologist towered above his fellows, while the veteran Gaston Boissier addressed a crowded class-room on his favourite theme of Roman society. For the Middle Ages I found no one more attractive than Emile Gebhardt, author of that delicious book *L'Italie mystique*. In philosophy Boutroux reigned supreme till the arrival from a provincial University a few years later of Bergson, his most brilliant pupil. Paul Leroy-Beaulieu discoursed on economics, his brother Anatole, author of the monumental *L'Empire des Tsars*, on his favourite theme of Russia. Emile Faguet, whose high-pitched voice had earned him among the students the nickname of the eunuch, interpreted the treasures of French literature with the same penetrating clarity that still keeps his writings alive.

In addition to the University and the Collège de France, Paris could boast of the Ecole Libre des Sciences Politiques. The calamities of 1870, followed by the carnage of the Commune, suggested to some thoughtful Frenchmen that a better training for the higher grades of the public service at home and abroad was required. No one held this conviction with greater fervour than Taine, who was chiefly instrumental in the foundation of the school and whose bust stood in the hall. He found an ideal collaborator in Emile Boutmy, known to English readers by his studies of our Constitution, who became the first Director and was still at his post in 1896. I explained to him that it was not my intention to enrol myself as a student, but that I desired to attend some of the lectures during my brief stay. He kindly acceded to my request, and I listened to the leading specialists in history, finance and international law. The dominating figure was Albert Sorel, who had served his apprenticeship in the Foreign Office but withdrew from diplomacy after the war of 1870.

Thenceforward as an intimate friend both of Boutmy and Taine he had devoted his talents to the school and to the composition of his majestic *L'Europe et la Révolution Française*, the most considerable historical work produced under the Third Republic. It was a privilege to hear the greatest master of diplomatic history since Ranke discourse on the development of the European system in the nineteenth century. French Professors are almost invariably masters of the technique of lecturing, for the study of "rhetoric" is a prominent feature of secondary education. In addition to attendance at these three famous seats of learning I heard Giry, the learned mediaevalist, in the Ecole des hautes Etudes, and Auguste Sabatier, brother of the biographer of St. Francis and author of that inspiring book *Les Religions de l'Autorité et la Religion de l'Esprit*, in the Faculty of Protestant Theology. My kind host, who had opened the way to the class-room of his friend Sabatier, the intellectual leader of the Liberal Protestants, also procured my admission to a lecture on dogmatic theology in the Institut Catholique. Unfortunately, having been reared on the English pronunciation of Latin, I understood hardly a word.

In Paris as in Berlin my Sunday mornings were employed in sampling the leading preachers of the day in St. Sulpice, the Madeleine, and other famous shrines. There was no star of the first magnitude like Lacordaire or Dupanloup. Loisy, scholar rebel, had not yet emerged, and Mgr. Duchesne, the first critical Catholic historian of the Early Church, adorned the Ecole Française at Rome. The sermons were earnest and eloquent, but dogmatic and institutional religion seemed to be regarded by the majority of Parisians with indifference or contempt. On one occasion I was shocked to witness a preacher stop in the middle of a sentence at the shrill warning of a time bell and walk rapidly down the pulpit stairs. Where is the English divine of any denomination who would submit to such a spartan discipline? The services in the Protestant church at Passy, to which I occasionally accompanied my host and his family, were simple to austerity: to one accustomed to the Anglican ritual they seemed colourless and cold. Only when one has attended Protestant services on the Continent does one realise to the full how unique an institution is that typically English compromise the Anglican Church, situated as it is midway between Rome and Geneva.

French thought and literature were still dominated by positivism and realism. The two supermen who had ruled the Third Republic almost without challenge had recently passed from the scene, Renan in 1892 and Taine in 1893. Both had outlived the storms of their early manhood and had long been enrolled among the glories of France. I already knew many of their books, delighting in the limpid style of the one and the rude vigour of the other, but I now read *Les Origines de la France contemporaine*, Taine's political testament in six large volumes. Neither of them entertained a rosy view of human nature in general or French democracy in particular; but while Renan surveyed the motley pageant of life with a tolerant smile, Taine witnessed the struggle with despondency in his heart. He distrusted the masses as deeply as he detested Napoleon and other autocrats. The horrors of the Commune convinced him that French civilisation was a veneer beneath which seethed the passions of primeval savagery. Man he compared

to a chained gorilla, France to a vicious horse mounted by a bad rider. Since 1789 the French had acted and thought partly like madmen partly like children. England, by contrast, was the home of ordered liberty. One of the noblest characters of his age he was also the most incorrigible pessimist. Like Clemenceau, he believed neither in God nor man; but Clemenceau at any rate believed in France. The gloomy picture seemed to be confirmed by the novelists who were at the height of their fame, Flaubert, Zola, Maupassant, Daudet, Anatole France. In his exquisite book *Le Roman Russe* the Marquis de Vogué contrasted the "ethical realism" of the great Russian and British novelists with the strident naturalism of France which he denounced. No English reader of French fiction in the 'nineties could miss the atmospheric difference in the life they depicted—an entire absence of the Puritan tradition and a scanty respect for the fundamental pieties. A change of literary taste was to come a few years later with Maurice Barrès, Péguy and other crusaders of the Right, but in 1896 France seemed still in the main content with what Zola called "le roman expérimental."

In continental capitals, where state-aided theatres are a matter of course, the visitor may rely on a varied menu. It was a liberal education to see a seventeenth century masterpiece or a nineteenth century favourite at the Comédie Française, and at the Odéon, which was also under the supervision of the State, a classic was staged once a week at popular prices for the benefit of students. On certain occasions a *Conférence* was delivered from the stage of the latter before the performance. I had the good fortune to hear such a discourse by Jules Lemaitre, marked by the same delicate distinction and lightness of touch which made him the leading impressionist critic of the time. I saw Coquelin *ainé* in *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme* and Sarah Bernhardt in her favourite role as the *Dame aux Camélias*; some years later I saw them together, an incomparable pair, in Rostand's *L'Aiglon*, the finest historical drama produced in modern France. It was worth a journey to Paris to enjoy Molière—then and always my favourite among French writers—on the stage he had once adorned, and the bright memories of *Tartuffe* and *L'Avare*, *Le Médecin malgré lui*, *Les Précieuses Ridicules* and *Les Fourberies de Scapin* have never dimmed. Racine's *Britannicus* left a deep impression, but even Sarah Bernhardt could not reconcile me to the monotonous horror of *Phèdre*. Having seen her in Paris and London in most of her celebrated parts—*Hamlet*, Alfred de Musset's *Lorenzaccio* and Sardou's *La Tosca*—I confess that I preferred *La Dame aux Camélias* which she was said to have played over a thousand times. She seemed to me the greatest tragic actress of her time; for Duse, whom I admired in *Magda* and *Francesca de Rimini*, spoke in Italian, which I was unable to follow when rapidly declaimed. "The divine Sarah" never excelled in the part of a good woman or Duse in that of a sinner. The opera was markedly inferior to the theatre, but the Lamoureux concerts were well up to the standard of London and Berlin.

The old quarters of Paris and its environs were a source of inexhaustible interest, Malmaison and Chantilly, which I was to visit some years later, were not yet on view, but I was privileged to see one or two historic buildings which foreigners rarely entered. My host obtained permission for himself and "a friend" to visit the fortress of Vincennes, with its memories of

Condé, Mirabeau and the martyred Duc d'Enghien, and I was cautioned not to reveal my identity as an Englishman as our countries were not on very friendly terms. The ruins of Port Royal, a symbol of the bigotry of Louis XIV, told a tale of Jansenist piety, learning and sufferings. In the Cité nothing fascinated me more than the Conciergerie, with its searing memories of the twenty-two doomed Girondins, Mme. Roland and Marie Antoinette.

French politics were rather flat during the period between the collapse of Boulanger and the reopening of the Dreyfus case. Félix Faure had recently succeeded the murdered Carnot at the Elysée; and though "the tanner" of Havre was scorned by the disgruntled Noblesse of the Faubourg St. Germain, which no longer counted in the political life of France, he played his part with reasonable success. The President of the Republic is merely the first citizen and there is not the faintest halo around his head. It was not till the later years of his term that he began to take himself a little too seriously for Republican tastes, and that scandal became associated with his name. I only saw him arrive at an official function; but I heard Loubet, his more estimable successor, at that time President of the Senate, speak at the burial of Challemel-Lacour in the historic cemetery of Père La Chaise. On the same occasion Hanotaux, then Foreign Minister in the Méline Cabinet and the renowned biographer of Richelieu, delivered a finely phrased tribute to the man who, like himself, was both a scholar and a diplomatist. Another difference between England and France peeped out on this occasion in the absence of all religious ceremonies, though the final breach with the Church was still to come. It was interesting to contrast the tumult of the French Chamber, which the President's bell made fitful efforts to subdue, with the decorum of St. Stephen's. I read the *Temps* every day and the *Revue des deux Mondes* every fortnight as in duty bound, and the other papers sufficiently often to grasp where they stood. A leader in the *Temps* or the *Débats* was up to the standard of *The Times*, but anyone who trusted to the French press alone for his knowledge of what was going on in the world would be politically starved. A large staff of Foreign Correspondents was beyond its resources.

My two months in Paris were crowded with stimulating experiences, and I gained some idea as to how France looks at the world. Though Bodley's classical interpretation of his adopted country did not appear till a year or two later, my studies of French history provided a frame-work into which I could fit my impressions. The main lines of foreign policy, as Sorel had shown, had been inherited from the *ancien régime*, but the political structure dated from the Revolution. The Nobility and the Church had been knocked off their perch, Royalism died with the childless Comte de Chambord, and Bonapartism was buried at Sedan. The supremacy of the hard-working, thrifty, rather limited bourgeoisie was unchallenged. The urban workers, who were soon to change the face of British politics, counted for little, for they were balanced by the peasantry to whom socialism made no appeal. French politics were a wearisome game of musical chairs. The Ministries which rose and fell with the regularity of the tides represented the sceptical, democratic, individualist France which was born in 1789. In the witty aphorism of André Siegfried the Frenchman's head is on the Left, his pocket on the Right. "La République," declared Thiers after the fall of the Second

Empire, "c'est ce qui nous divise le moins." It remained true in 1896 and it is true today.

G. P. GOOCH.

To be continued.

GEORGE ORWELL

TO-DAY George Orwell is a better known literary figure than at the time of his death. A recent T.V. production of his *1984* produced a discussion in Parliament, and the term "Big Brother" is slowly passing into English speech. A film company has recently made a film of *Animal Farm*. But he is still far from receiving a wide popularity, and writers like Virginia Woolf and E. M. Forster are considered by the literary public of greater significance. This seems to me a great injustice. In spite of the recent film and T.V. production I maintain that he has yet to come into his own. If our generation will not rate him as a great writer some future generation will. Like Dean Swift and Bernard Shaw, he is for ever the rebel: he only lives when he is hitting at something with all his might. That something, which is the target of his spleen, must be "Big Brother." He is the champion of lost causes, the champion of the under dog. In *1984* Winston Smith is Orwell himself. Orwell studies the history of Smith and his struggles against the state; against the enslavement of his mind and will to the service of the all-powerful state. Finally Smith cracks under the strain and is the last individual to have his individuality steam-rolled out of existence. Orwell sees no hope for him. Love, perhaps, is the strongest emotion in the individual: the love of a man for a woman, and *vice versa*. Yet love is not able to save Smith. Under the pressure of the state it is squashed. *1984* is one of the gloomiest books ever written. It is the story of the last flicker of the rebellion of the individual against the World-State, the story of a lost cause. In the same way, *Coming up for Air*, *Keep the Aspidochelone Flying* and *Animal Farm*, are the stories of a rebellion quashed. To call, therefore, George Orwell an optimist is missing the head of the nail by a mile. He is the incurable pessimist. If one believed that *1984* was gospel truth, and would be the state of the world in that year, one would go without any ado and put one's head in the gas oven.

Part of this pessimism I think is due to the fact that Orwell has little or no belief in the goodness of human nature. He hates human beings, and above all he hates himself. Through all his writings there is this sadistic streak, not quite puritan. The other day I read some notes on his life by a literary friend who had shared a flat with him when Orwell was staying in Hampstead. One night this friend returned to the flat drunk, irritating Orwell intensely. Angry words passed, and the result was that Orwell attacked his friend with his fists. The friend mentions that he was sober enough to notice at the time that Orwell seemed to experience a wild joy at the punishment he was meting out to him. To Orwell human beings are for the most part animal, with little or no good in them. They are the pigs in *Animal Farm*. There is hardly one character in the novels that one loves: all are filled with despicable vice, meanness and passion. Yet like Swift, if Orwell is a misanthrope, he has an intense love of animals and the lower forms of life. In *Coming up for Air* the scene that sticks in my memory beyond all others is the description of the

carp in the wood-locked lake, and in *Animal Farm* it is hard not to recognise the affection he felt for the donkey.

This chronic state of rebellion is purely negative, a revolt which destroys and never constructs. Orwell and Shaw, I think, have many points in common in their personalities. Both are rebels. But where Orwell is the rebel *par excellence*, Shaw is the rebel for the sake of his programme of reform, a constructive rebel, a rebel with a "panacea for all ills" in his brief-case. Shaw is a man of vision, Orwell is not. Shaw wants to destroy for the sake of a better world, Orwell to destroy and leave the task of constructing to others. His attitude is completely negative and therein lies his importance. Shaw's mind is the loftier because he was the designer as well as the destroyer; but Orwell surpassed him in the strength of his hate and the bite of his invective. The intense hatred for the contemporary scene is the clue to the nostalgic sweetness of *Coming up for Air*, the nearest he ever got to being the poet and artist. It describes the English countryside as it was before the First World War, before the antennae of the Industrial Machine spread out and smirched its beauty. Why it is not better known is surprising. It shows a side to Orwell which his other novels do not, his love of the English countryside, his talent for analyzing the complex feelings and ambitions of boyhood. It is the only one of his novels which is free from sermonising. He almost, though not quite, describes life for life's sake. In this novel the typical Orwellian hate is less strong.

His invective is more effective than Shaw's because he was purely the destroyer. What greatly added to the violence of his attacks was the lack of a sense of humour. One way of attacking convention is by inducing the people who indulge in it to laugh at themselves. That is Shaw's way. If he happens to dislike monarchy, and thinks it ought to be abolished, he will show the king in his shirt and underpants, shorn of all the trappings of kingship. That form of attack has its advantages but also its disadvantages. The monarchist public may laugh heartily at its idolatry of monarchy, and then, once the laugh is finished, continue to idolise it. It might never suspect that Shaw pokes fun at monarchy because he disapproves of this institution. Perhaps he likes the joke for the sake of the joke. The bitter centre in the pill might be coated with so much sugar that it is not tasted at all. Orwell minced no feelings in his criticism. He called a spade a spade. If he disliked a certain aspect of our society his readers were left in no doubt about it.

Many critics have studied his style and compared it to that of Swift, others to that of Shaw. It completely suits his temperament, for he is the rebel filled chiefly with the emotions of indignation, irony, anger and despair. There is nothing of the poetic in him. Hence, with such a personality, the kind of literary expression which can do it adequate justice is direct, unambiguous, didactic. The criterion of this kind of style is effectiveness of assertion. Study any page of his prose and you will be struck by the extreme simplicity of the language, the almost entire absence of figures of speech, its swiftness and astringent economy. He does not write about life and describe it for its own sake; he writes books to prove a point of view, just as Euclid covers a few pages to prove a geometrical problem. Now the love of life for its own sake is characteristic of the poetic temperament. When Shakespeare ana-

lysed the soul of Lear it was because he was interested in the intricacies of his soul as such, not because he wanted the younger generation to treat their elders better. He exposed and did not prove. Orwell could never have written like Shakespeare, like Virginia Woolf, like D. H. Lawrence and other poetic temperaments. His genius lay in rebelling against the society in which he found himself and proving how rotten it was.

One would think such imaginative economy in his prose would make it flat and uninteresting, but it is the contrary. I personally can hardly read a page without wanting to read the pages following. Yet, though it may be sacrilege to utter it, I could lift up *Lear* or *Macbeth* and be content with reading merely a dozen lines. Studying the technique of the novels, one realises that he paid great attention to it. Few of his novels, with the possible exception of *1984*, show great ingenuity in their technique. And he lacked the sense of melodrama of a Dickens or Dostoyevsky, perhaps because his novels are too autobiographical. *Coming up For Air*, *Keep the Aspidistra Flying*, *Burmese Days* must be sixty per cent autobiography. In this respect he resembles D. H. Lawrence who similarly lacks the melodramatic gift. Orwell's work manifests a limited intelligence. He is far from being the philosopher. His ideas have not been discovered by any process of thought but have come to his consciousness through the strength of his feelings. And let it be said that his feelings go very deep. Many critics would deny this and say that they are cold and shallow. I think they get that impression because in his writings he imposes great self-restraint and is peculiarly deficient in many of the so-called finer emotions.

In one department of social activity, that of sex, Orwell blatantly lacked those "fine feelings." So far as sex is concerned he is a materialist. He believes, and I think rightly, that it is the physical sensations experienced between lovers which give birth to that wonderful, spiritual, romantic world in which lovers live, not the other way round. In *Keep the Aspidistra Flying* the hero does not first of all want to communicate with the soul of his loved one and explore the rich depths of her love but to see her naked, to see the pure form. That is his primary desire in love—purely material. And that is the truth about love too, in spite of the romantics. The finest rhapsodies ever written about love depend far more than the poets will admit on the shape of the lips, the curve of the breasts, the number of inches round the waist, the type of perfume with which the underclothes have been sprinkled. He had the courage to recognise that sex life between two dogs was not so different from the sex life of two human beings. All nonsense, these "fine feelings."

Orwell had the common sense not to experiment too much with technical form as Joyce and Virginia Woolf have done. He told his story in the orthodox fashion. He is the rebel against public school education, against the increasing totalitarianism of the state, against the developing money consciousness of society, but he is also rebel against the literary conventions of his day. Perhaps he thought that to titivate with literary forms was too trivial an occupation, too pedantic. Perhaps he thought it would interfere with the outpouring of his genius. And really, studying Joyce and Mrs. Woolf, if this last reason influenced him, it was quite justifiable. In Virginia Woolf and

Joyce there is a hint of small-mindedness. And surely their *élan* was impaired by their technical obsessions. Perhaps Orwell lacked the necessary subtlety of mind which the technical experimenters possessed. W. D. SMITH.

MOTHERS AND SONS

THE recent publication of Miss I. Compton-Burnett's brilliant but somewhat sinister novel reminds the reader that the relationship between mothers and sons has so often been a very strong one, and that some of our great men in all walks of life have owed much to their mothers who have had in many cases a decisive and permanent influence on their lives. In modern psychology this relationship plays a large part, and students of Freud will realise how important the founder of psycho-analysis found it to be in his theory of the unconscious. Artists and writers, statesmen and soldiers have paid tributes to their mothers, and have commemorated them in their writings and in their pictures. 'Mark Rutherford' said to the present writer that he thought Rembrandt's "Portrait of his Mother" the finest portrait in the world, and modern critics have given a very high place to Whistler's "My Mother." The mothers of Napoleon and Wesley were acknowledged by their great sons to have influenced their lives enormously, while Trollope, Macaulay, Lawrence the novelist (in "Sons and Lovers") and Lawrence the great Arab leader, mystic-man of many parts, paid homage and gave unbounded love to their mothers. Ben Jonson has summed up in a few beautiful lines what a great Elizabethan mother, the Countess of Pembroke, was like:

"Sidney's sister, Pembroke's Mother,
Death! ere thou hast slain another,
Learn'd, fair and good as she,
Time shall throw a dart at thee."

Among so many great sons it is difficult to make a selection. But one of the earliest and greatest of whom we have record is St. Augustine, whose "Confessions," written in the 6th century, has no rival for its self-revelation, its beautiful language, its dignity and its story of the wonderful relationship between St. Monica and her son. She had been a noble wife to a somewhat difficult husband and when she was converted to Christianity he soon after followed her example. Their son, Augustine, over thirty years later, was baptised in the Christian faith after a youth and early manhood which showed few signs of grace, though evidence of a genius which enabled him after his conversion to occupy high positions in the Church and to remain one of the great Fathers of the Early Church and to retain his pre-eminence through the ages. Mother and son adored one another. She was, perhaps, what we would today call a "possessive" mother. She deplored her son's passionate nature and his relations with a concubine to whom he remained entirely faithful for many years until his mother insisted on his leaving her. She did not, as most converted Christians did in those early days, have him baptised as a child. She prayed for him. She waited; she *knew* he would at last become a Christian, and her faith in him was justified. Did Monica feel he had to go through temptation and wickedness to understand God and

human life? He says in the "Confessions," "She loved to have me with her after the manner of mothers and much more than many mothers, for she knew not what joy Thou would'st have in store for her through my absence. . . . No words can express her love for me." In his 32nd year, after a great struggle between the lusts of the flesh and his passionate desire to live a spiritual life, he was baptised at Milan to the unspeakable joy of Monica who with him was to return to their home in Carthage. But this was not to be, for at Ostia, after a beautiful conversation with her son, she fell ill, and St. Augustine records her last words: "Son, for mine own part I have delight in nothing in this life. . . . There was one thing for which I sometimes desired to be a little while reprieved in this life; namely, that I might see you become a Christian before I died. This hath the Lord done for me and more also, for that I now see thee having contemned all earthly happiness to be made His servant; what then do I here any longer?" She was 55, and his grief was intense.

William Cowper the poet is seldom read nowadays; he is, perhaps, too slow-going and too simple for this rushing, complicated, sophisticated age, but *The Task*, *The Sofa*, *John Gilpin* and his shorter poems were very popular in his day and even now are well worth reading. His was a sad and in many ways a tragic life; an exquisitely sensitive, tender and poetic nature, he lost his mother whom he adored when he was six, and never forgot her. "It was from her homely piety he learnt the elements of that faith that was to bring him the few fleeting moments of ecstasy he was ever to know. . . . For these first six years of his life were the only unshadowed ones." (*The Stricken Deer*, by Lord David Cecil). He had many devoted women friends, but his mother was never forgotten. At the age of 53 he wrote of her "I can truly say that not a week passes, perhaps I might with equal veracity say a day, in which I do not think of her," and a few years later on receiving a picture of his mother he wrote these beautiful lines, beginning

"Oh, that those lips had language! Life has passed
With me but roughly since I heard thee last."

Cowper was a very gentle, clinging nature and he never recovered from this early shock. His whole life had been bound up with hers. How tragic are these lines:

"To me the waves that ceaseless broke
Upon the dangerous coast,
Hoarsely and ominously spoke
Of all my treasure lost.

Your sea of troubles you have past
And found the peaceful shore,
I tempest-tossed, and wrecked at last
Come home to port no more."

Lady Melbourne, the mother of Queen Victoria's first Prime Minister, was born into a milieu that exactly suited her. An aristocrat by birth and marriage, a Whig by family and tradition when the 18th century was the age of the Whig aristocracy, of the power of the landed proprietors, the age of elegance and of intellect, of beautiful women, Lady Melbourne exercised

a great influence on London life from her mansion, Melbourne House, and brought up a family of boys and girls who adored her and loved one another and enjoyed the happiest of lives. She was a very ambitious woman and her ambition was centred on her sons, especially the cleverest of them, William, the future Prime Minister. She was full of common sense, a regular "man's woman," able to talk well and wisely on politics and the subjects of the day and as her boys grew up she treated them as her equals and discussed with them politics and morals. She was beautiful and most of the leading men of her big Whig circle were her devoted friends, some a good deal more than that, and indeed it was always rumoured that William, her most beloved son, was the child of her lover, the wealthy and highly gifted Earl of Egremont, the owner of the beautiful estate of Petworth. She was thoroughly worldly; a materialist, possessed of a powerful and non-moral mind, she exercised a strong influence on William. "She studied his disposition, fostered his talents . . . read books with him, discussed the characters of his friends—all in the free and easy terms, the amused unshockability she employed with her mature men friends." (David Cecil). By the time William went to Eton, where he was very happy, his mother had taught him much and her influence continued at Cambridge, at Glasgow, after his marriage to Caroline, and until her death in 1818. "My mother," Lord Melbourne said many years later, "was the most sagacious woman I ever knew;" and when, very old, he stood before his mother's portrait, he murmured, "A remarkable woman, a devoted mother, an excellent wife—but not chaste, not chaste." Lord Melbourne shared many of his mother's qualities—like her he loved good society; good conversation, was extremely fond of his family, and was an aristocrat and an elegant man of Society and civilised as the best Society of the 18th century was civilised. There was another side of his character in which his mother was entirely lacking. His was a much more complicated and spiritual nature; he loved poetry and wrote some; he was romantic and had much deeper emotions than she, was much less ambitious and had he not been urged on by her he probably would not have risen to his high position. He was a very sensitive boy, and fell passionately in love with Lady Caroline Lamb whom he married when she was a beautiful, wild uncontrolled girl of twenty and he six years older. For some three years they lived very happily together, but she was a quite impossible wife (she conceived a mad passion for Byron) and after the death of his mother they separated. But he continued to care for her and showed ever a tender, loving interest in her well-being and was never really happy again till on the accession of the 18 year old Queen Victoria in 1837, he became her 'guide, philosopher and friend', and loved her as a daughter. It is a beautiful picture tinged with pathos of the lonely, disillusioned elderly man and the eager, intelligent and grateful girl who loved and adored her mentor until the coming of the Prince Consort.

When Goethe was born in the busy, prosperous and historic city of Frankfurt-on-the-Main in 1749 the good fairies must have been in attendance and his star in the ascendant, for he seems to have had everything that a human being could desire—a happy, well-off family of the educated middle class, a father who loved learning, a most upright though somewhat pedantic

man, and a delightful mother who was only 18 when her first child, the illustrious writer was born. As Goethe wrote:

"Vom Vater hab' ich die Statur,
Des Lebens ernstes Führen,
Vom Mütterchen die Frohnatur,
Und Lust zu fabuliren."*

Five other children were born, but only his sister Cornelia survived infancy and to her he was ever devoted. The girl-mother perhaps spoiled her two surviving children somewhat. She told them fairy tales which she improvised as she went along, "and when I made a pause for the night, promising to continue it on the morrow, I was certain he would in the meanwhile think it out for himself, and he often stimulated my imagination." He was a precocious child, encouraged by his father, and before he was eight he was reading Latin and Greek, French and Italian. He did not like school but enjoyed the society of painters, his father's friends. A touching story is told of his tenderness on the death of his little brother Jacob. "Did you not love your brother," asked his mother when, to her surprise, he shed no tears on his death, "that you do not grieve for his loss?" And Wolfgang ran to his room, and from under the bed drew a quantity of papers, on which he had written stories and lessons. "All these I had written that I might teach them to him," said the nine years old boy.

"I and my Wolfgang," said his mother, "have always held fast to each other because we were both young together." They were both happy, joyous human beings, healthy and full of humour. What a mother for a great man! Her joyful, happy disposition was shared by her son, and to the end of her life he confided in her, wrote constantly to her at the University. She shared his life as few mothers of great men perhaps have ever done, and when at the age of 26 he went to Weimar and left his home for ever he continued his close relationship with her. He tells his mother in 1784, "I am, after my manner, tolerably well, am able to do all my work and to enjoy the intercourse of good friends. . . . I could not wish myself in a better place, now that I know the world and know how it looks behind the mountains. And you, on your side, content yourself with my existence, and should I quit the world before you I have not lived to your shame; I leave behind me a good name and good friends, and thus you will have the consolation of knowing I am not entirely dead. Meanwhile live in peace." After the death of his father he desired her to come to Weimar where he occupied important official positions and was the beloved and trusted friend of the reigning Duke. But she felt she could not leave her beloved Frankfurt where she had such dear and old friends. When his relationship to Christiane Vulpius in 1788 caused a scandal in the ducal circle in Weimar, his mother became her friend and loved both her and the infant son; and when in 1806 he married Christiane, perhaps to legitimatise his son, his mother was greatly pleased. Two years later in her 78th year the dearly loved mother died, to his lasting sorrow. Lewes says of her, "To the last her love for her son and his for her had been the glory and sustainment of her happy old age."

Of peasant stock Carlyle's father and mother were intensely religious as

perhaps only the Scotch can be. His father, rigid in his views, had brought up his family somewhat severely, but his mother though equally religious was of a much gentler temperament and her eldest son, Thomas, adored her and she returned his love. When she died at 83 and he was nearly 60 he wrote in his Journal: "It was the earliest terror of my childhood that I might lose my mother and it had gone with me all my days. . . . My dear mother ministered to all my woes outward and inward . . . my heart and tongue played freely only with her." It was his mother who taught him to read and much later taught herself to write so that when her son left home she could write to him and tell him all the family news in which he was ever deeply interested. When Thomas was 10 he went to the Academy at Annan six miles away and boarded with an Aunt, returning home for the week-end. His mother bade him read daily a chapter from the Bible and exacted from him a promise that he would never fight another boy, a promise strictly kept which, as can be imagined, gave him much unhappiness amid these rough, sturdy Scotch boys. From the time he went to Edinburgh University as a lad of 14, and later as a teacher at Annandale and Kirkcaldy and later to London, he wrote to her regularly and told her of all his doings—his struggles, his friends, his writings. He writes to her not as a more or less uneducated woman but as one who could understand his thoughts, his feelings, his aspirations, as indeed she did. He sends her his articles in the 'Edinburgh Review' and 'Fraser's'. He was always full of tenderness towards her, making the most careful enquiries of her health, both from herself and other members of the family, sending her money and gifts of all kinds. On one occasion he received a cheque from the U.S.A. and sent her part of it with the remark "the Kitten ought to bring the auld Cat a mouse and in such a case as that—an American mouse." When Emerson sent him a "most cheering letter" he forwards it to her knowing "it will give you (the Philosopher's Mother) great pleasure." He compliments her on her letters. "My dear Mother, you are growing a *capital* writer; positively you need nothing but just to go on, and make me quite independent of all of them." When he is 40, full of work and anxiety about his future, he writes from Chelsea: "I long to know all about you, how you are and what you are doing. . . . O, what a blessing that you are still able to go on so well. . . . I thank you, dear Mother, a thousand times for the lessons you and my Father taught me; they are more precious than fine gold." When he was 58 his mother died. He arrived at Scotsbrig just in time to see her alive and she recognised him and asked him "Tell us how thou sleeps." Her death, wrote Carlyle in his Journal, "filled me with a kind of dim amazement. . . . Oh, pious Mother, your poor Tom, long out of his schooldays now, has fallen very lonely, very lame and broken in this pilgrimage of his. And you cannot help him or cheer him by a kind word anymore." He was one of those men who perhaps needed a mother more than a wife, though there is little doubt in the minds of those who have read his letters and Journal that he loved Jane Welsh with a true and unflinching love, but not passionately. His mother must have come first in his love.

In this century the name of James Barrie occurs to one as the son who loved his mother intensely. Readers interested in this subject should get

his beautiful book "Margaret Ogilvie" wherein is depicted the tender, exquisitely lovely relationship between the humbly-born but very clever and intelligent Scotch mother and her famous novelist son. Such are a few of the great men who owed much to their mothers and never failed to acknowledge their love and their admiration for the fine women without whose understanding and affection and support the world might have been deprived of the full fruits of their sons' genius. FLORENCE B. LOW.

* From my Father I inherit my physical appearance and the steady guidance of life; from my dear little Mother my happy nature and love of story-telling.

NEW LIGHT ON THE DREYFUS CASE

I WAS a boy in Paris at the time of the Zola trial and I remember the cries of the antisemitic mob: *Conspuez Zola, à l'eau avec Zola*. I was again in France when Dreyfus was tried a second time at Rennes. In Brittany where we lived the feeling ran high against him and against those who defended the innocent. Why all this turmoil about a single individual? Why not finish the story with some bullets instead of letting all authorities the army, the Church, the state itself suffer by the destructive tendencies of freemasons, intellectuals and Jews in German pay?

The greatest detective story in history is still the subject of serious public criticism. Though the bibliography counts already over eighty items, Paléologue, formerly French Ambassador in Tsarist Russia, historian, biographer of Empress Eugénie and Empress Elizabeth of Austria, kept a diary of the 'Affaire' now published four years after his death. He declares that not only was Eszterhazy a traitor and a spy, but two others, one of them Major Weil, an intimate friend of General Sandherr, the Commander-in-Chief, whose mistress was the wife of Weil. Sandherr allowed Weil, and despite his notorious dishonesty, to retain a prominent position in the army. The third man was a high officer on active service. There was not one act of treason, says Paléologue, who was the intermediary between the Quai d'Orsay and the Bureau of Espionage, but a series of such acts between 1886 and 1896. These revelations are sensational but useless, because after fifty years all the implicated persons are dead and all traces of their misdeeds have surely been destroyed. Yet every reader will ask: How could a sincere patriot like Paléologue conceal a fact of such importance for so long? Why did he allow a traitor to retain high command if he had sufficient evidence of his felony? This question and many others will probably never be answered. How did the Bordereau, written by Eszterhazy, which constituted the main "proof" of Dreyfus' guilt and which never came into German hands, come into the hands of the French? Surely people like Colonel Sandherr and his fellow criminal Colonel Henry would have destroyed it, since all their tendency was to continue to help the scoundrel, as Paléologue calls Eszterhazy, if another officer had not been present. How is it to be explained that all these protectors of Eszterhazy did not recognise his hand, did not prefer to destroy the compromising document instead of starting a prosecution of which Hanotaux the Foreign Minister expressly warned Mercier the Minister of War?

Paléologue was no Drefusard, for he disliked the Jews by instinct. He

believed at first that Dreyfus was guilty, not only because seven French officers had unanimously condemned him, but also on account of his behaviour at the terrible scene of the degradation which he vividly describes. The hard voice ("a voice of zink"), the incredible stoicism he displayed, seemed a sign of guilt, in contradiction to the feeling of others like Theodor Herzl, the Correspondent of the *Neue Freie Presse*. But soon doubts arose; step by step Paléologue became aware of the criminal methods of the accusers. This diary shows a real bedlam of weaknesses, an accumulation of all bad qualities of leading men which could have ruined the republic. Henry the forger: what a charming fellow, beloved by all (as Dreyfus and Picquart are hated), a real soldier! So are they all: Boisdeffre, the Chief of Staff who with a light heart let an innocent man suffer; General Gonse in spite or because of his roughness, his inhibition, an ass; Mercier lying, committing perjury up to the last, all backed by Prime Ministers like Dupuy the astute Auvergnat or by Méline the Jesuit. Ministers of War like Billot, Chanoine, Zurlinden, and the honest but stupid and stubborn Cavaignac: they all have the advantage of being splendid orators, whereas Dreyfus has no magnetism, no voice, no faculty of speech, only his poor naked innocence as an argument.

A special chapter of the diary deals with Commander Lauth, one of the worst enemies of Dreyfus, the lover of Mme Henry, and by this fact (like General Sandherr to Weil) intimately associated with her husband. Was it he whom Henry meant when, before his suicide in his last letter to his wife, he declared: "You know well in whose interest I have acted." Such questions will never be answered. Paléologue found comfort in the success of his new chief Delcassé at the Quai d'Orsay, the favourite of Russia. He was the man who after the crisis of Fashoda saw the necessity for France to join with England in order to crush Germany "the real enemy."

In *The Dreyfus Case** Professor Guy Chessman believes—against all evidence—that antisemitism did not play an important part in the arrest and trial of Dreyfus. He must know that Mercier, Sandherr, Henry and Colonel Maurel, who presided at the Court Martial, were men full of racial hatred. He denies that any serious danger for the Republic as such was imminent. But the continuous excesses of the rabble, the united front of Royalism, Nationalism, Clericalism and Opportunism against the most elementary principles of democracy and justice, which men so naive as Brisson and Cavaignac did not consider, cannot be explained away. Professor Brogan in his history of modern France rightly speaks of the widespread fear for the safety of the Republic. Mr. Chessman, with all his excellent information, does not always see the wood for the trees.

Stocksund, Sweden.

ERNST BENEDIKT.

* Rupert Hart-Davis, 1955.

RUBENS AND HIS CIRCLE

IN Flanders and the Low Countries the paradox of art reaching its apogee in a period of economic decadence was not uncommon. As the Bruges school of painting under Memlinc and the Van Eycks reached its zenith during the economic decline of Bruges in the late fifteenth century, so Antwerp,

which supplanted Bruges, presented the same anomaly in the first half of the seventeenth century. Even in the sixteenth century Antwerp had fostered the work of such painters and craftsmen as Quentin Metsys, Cornelis Floris and Dominic van Waghemakere, while Christopher Plantin, the celebrated printer, had been at work there, as had Aegidius (Pieter Gillis), the editor of the letters of Erasmus and of the Latin version of Sir Thomas More's *Utopia*. But the glories of Antwerp—and of Belgium—belong to Rubens and the seventeenth century.

It were impertinent to attempt any assessment of the vast and complex world of Pieter-Paul Rubens (1577-1640) in the space at our disposal. To his gift as painter however must be added those, generally less known, as decorator and architect. There is, for example, the painted ceiling of the Banqueting Hall in Whitehall, the decoration of the Torre de la Parada of Madrid, and of the Jesuit Church in Antwerp, there are his designs for those remarkable flamboyant triumphal arches erected on the occasion of the Cardinal-Infante Ferdinand's entry into Antwerp in 1635, and there are those for several Antwerp gateways, for the altars of several churches, for his own house, and much else. The whole world of flesh and spirit was his oyster, and everything came to him with equal facility, but above all he exalted the splendour and pomp of the aristocracy and the Catholicism of the Counter-Reformation led by the Jesuits.

Rubens was himself a champion of the Baroque, the art form with which the Jesuits were identified, and he acted in the capacity of paterfamilias to a wide circle of painters, sculptors and architects, many of whom belonged to the Society of Jesus. In Belgium the Baroque, eminently suited to the taste of the wealthy Flemish burghers, was to enjoy a long and successful vogue, and when Rubens bought an old house near the Place de Meir in 1610 he rebuilt it in the style of a Genoese palace. On the courtyard he added a wing adorned with caryatides, busts and garlands, the north front of the studio having the figures of Mars, Juno, Jupiter and Vesta, with busts of Plato, Socrates, Sophocles and Marcus Aurelius set beneath the windows, and the inner court framed by a Baroque portico or triumphal arch surmounted with bronze figures of Minerva and Mercury. This house might almost have been regarded as a workshop and arsenal of the Society of Jesus. Here Rubens drew his designs for the fittings and decoration of the Jesuit Church in Antwerp, here he painted the full-length portrait of St. Ignatius for the Jesuit Seminary of Antwerp (which now hangs in a green and gilt salon of Warwick Castle), and *The Martyrdom of St. Lievin* for the Jesuit Church of Ghent (now in the Brussels Museum). Here he worked with his collaborators, among them Anthony van Dyck (with Velasquez, the greatest portrait painter of the seventeenth century) and Jacob Jordaens (a painter remarkable for the truculence and colour of his pantheistic studies), Artus Quellin, Daniel Seghers, Cornelius Schut, Gerard Zegers and many others. The work of all these satellites is no less intriguing and is often of no less merit. As the dominating force behind a brilliant coterie of artists and craftsmen, Rubens was truly *abba*, and all his Flemish contemporaries owed something to him, though conversely he has sometimes been given the credit for the work of his colleagues. About his own house were the patrician houses of his friends,

that, for example, of the burgomaster Nicholas Rockox, who commissioned the painter's *Christ on the Cross* for the Recollects church, and for whose tomb Rubens's *The Incredulity of St. Thomas* was originally destined. He was also a frequent visitor to the Van Lierre mansion, which the Society of Jesus restored just before the last war and which is now the St. Ignatius High School of Commerce.

The Antwerp church of St. Jacques may be regarded as a repository of the work of this circle. The choir and chapels are themselves of the seventeenth century, and they are filled with such lavish craftsmanship, with Baroque furniture, paintings and sculpture, and with such colour that there is a temptation (to which many writers have succumbed) to term it both gaudy and tasteless. Rubens himself, Jacob Jordaens, Gerard Zeghers and Artus Quellin are among those represented, and the third ambulatory chapel marks the end of a Rubens pilgrimage, for here he lies below an altarpiece decorated with his own *Virgin and Child surrounded by Holy Personages*. Particularly notable are the carved stalls and other sculpture by the Quellin family, of whom Artus Quellin (1609-68) was the chief member; he worked in the Netherlands (on the Royal Palace of Amsterdam and the William of Orange monument at Delft, among other things) and in Germany, and his work is to be encountered almost everywhere in Belgium.

The one building that would truly have epitomised the work of Rubens and his colleagues, had it remained in pristine condition, is the Jesuit church of St. Charles Borromeo on the Hendrik Conscience Place, once among the world's richest churches. The entire circle, Van Dyck included, seems to have worked on this still magnificent church. Unfortunately it was burned out in 1718 and then refitted, and what remain of Rubens's altarpieces are now in Vienna, while the thirty-nine ceiling paintings commissioned from him in 1620 (to be delivered within a year) may now be seen only in watercolour reproductions by Jacques de Wit. Internally the walls are wainscoted with richly carved panelling and medallions, surmounted with paintings framed by Baroque cartouches and garlands, the whole broken by caryatide confessionals engaged at regular intervals. This is largely the work of the eighteenth-century Antwerp architect J. P. van Bourscheit, but it seems to follow the lines of the original, the work of Seghers in particular. Daniel Seghers (1590-1661) was a pupil of his father and later of Jan Breughel the Elder, and in 1614 he became a lay brother in the Society of Jesus. He frequently painted garlands and borders of flowers around paintings by his friend Rubens, but little enough remains of his work in Antwerp beyond a few small works in the museums—a painting of St. Theresa, a garland of flowers surrounding a bust of St. Ignatius by Cornelius Schut, etc.

The Baroque in Europe was almost entirely a product of the Jesuit Counter-Reformation—even in Poland the first Baroque building was the Jesuit Church of Nieswiez (1584)—and in Belgium, where it came rather later, the seventeenth century was the age of the Baroque churches of Pieter Huyssens, Guillaume Hessius, Luc Faydherbe, Jacques Franquart, Jean van den Eynde and Wenceslaus Cobergher, all of which derived from Giacomo Vignola's Church of the Gesù in Rome. It is a sober, dignified and restrained Baroque, lacking the originality of the Spanish, and certainly not indulging in the

fanciful flights of the later German and Austrian products. It is not always successful, but it is almost always sincere, emotional yet academic, and may be held truly to express the Jesuit outlook of the period. The Baroque is largely dependent upon sculpture, and it is significant that most of these architects were primarily sculptors or at least worked in both mediums with equal facility.

Of the Jesuit architects who moved in the Rubens circle none was more talented than Pieter Huyssens (1577-1637), the son of a Bruges mason. He studied architecture in Italy under the patronage of the Archduke Albert and his duchess Isabella, and in 1598 he became a lay brother in the Society of Jesus. His first major work would appear to be the Jesuit church of St. Charles Borromeo in Antwerp, originally dedicated to St. Ignatius, begun in 1614 and completed in 1617-21. In this he was assisted by Fr. Aiguillon, a Jesuit of the Antwerp community and a friend of Rubens, and it is clear that Rubens himself had a hand in the general conception. It is undoubtedly Huyssens's best work and is among the most successful and ambitious churches of the period, a highly festive design having a somewhat extravagant roof-line featuring flambeaux and cupolas like miniature pavilions, while the ornate tower set behind the building is a *tour de force*.

Despite the disparity in the official dates it is probable that the former Jesuit church of St. Walburge in Bruges was Huyssens's first work, since he was a member of that community. Begun in 1619, though completion was delayed until 1641, this is among his more sober works, with a suggestion of lingering Gothic in the vaulting. His church of St. Loup in Namur, built for the Jesuits in 1621-45, is in much the same idiom except for the singular ceiling, which has that exuberance of painting and sculpture which is the hall-mark of Jesuit decoration, and which moved Baudelaire to write of this "*merveille sinistre et galante, l'intérieur d'un catafalque, terrible et délicieux, brodé de noir, de rose et d'argent. . .*" In Ghent his church of St. Pierre, begun in 1629, suffers from a congested environment and from later alterations, the choir being enclosed in Louis XV wrought-ironwork. All these churches, with others such as that at Maastricht (which in 1939 was in permanent use as a theatre), are in the Baroque, but it is by St. Charles Borromeo that the should be judged.

After the Antwerp church the most ambitious design in Jesuit Baroque is that of St. Michel in Louvain, built in 1650-66, and badly damaged in the last war. The architect was Guillaume Hessius, a member of the Louvain community of the Society of Jesus, and not Luc Faydherbe as is sometimes claimed, and the elaborate façade obviously owes something to St. Charles Borromeo. Another architect in the Rubens circle was Jacques Franquart (1577-1651), who was also painter, poet and mathematician, and who published books of engravings of monuments and armorial tablets. He early studied in Italy and returned to establish the new art forms with the encouragement of Rubens. He became architect to the Archduke Albert, and was created a chevalier by Philip III. Among his works are the Jesuit Church of Brussels, begun in 1606, one of the earliest Baroque buildings in Belgium, and the Béguinage Church of Malines, begun in 1629.

Wenceslaus Cobergher (c. 1560-1634) was another architect who hovered

on the fringe of the circle. He worked in Antwerp, Paris and Italy, designed the Hôtel de Ville of Ath in Hainault, and was responsible for all the *monts-de-piété* (municipal pawnshops) built in Belgium during the archducal period. His most celebrated church is that of Montaigu, an early Baroque example of 1609-27 which is a departure from the norm, and which, with its domed circular plan, seems to be a return to Michelangelo and Bramante, though too ponderous truly to be identified with their work. Finally, mention must be made of Luc Faydherbe (1617-97), the principal artist in a Malines family of six sculptors, of whom two were women. He was equally active as architect and sculptor, and he designed many Baroque churches, notably in Malines, including the Béguinage Church of Brussels, in addition the Hôtel de Ville of St. Nicholas, and numerous sculptures such as the altarpiece in the Rubens mortuary chapel in Antwerp. Faydherbe's designs for the Norbertine abbey church of Averbode were rejected in favour of those by Jean van den Eynde, an architect and sculptor of Antwerp. This church, built in 1664-72, is internally one of the most dynamic and festive designs in the country. The influence of Rubens and his circle in the Baroque world may not yet have been fully assessed. In Spain, for example, it would appear that José de Churriguera, who is now regarded as the scapegoat of Spanish Baroque, was influenced by Rubens's paintings and tapestry cartoons in the royal collections, particularly in the use of twisted columns, though in the main it was Bernini's influence that counted here.

TUDOR EDWARDS

TOWARDS A NEW EQUILIBRIUM?

THE world drama is being viewed in a general manner as a contest between East and West, in the last instance boiling down to the duel between the United States of America, and Russia. More sophisticatedly it is the competition for the mastery of the souls of men between two opposite philosophical tenets; the one, treating man as an emanation of and a tool for the state; the other holding that the state is just an abstract creation of the mind, for the use and in the service of man. Hellas, or Babylon. An over-simplified picture! There are more ways of considering existence than either Marxist materialism, or Greco-Christian humanism. Other peoples, other prophets, have sought the solution of the problems of Nature and the destiny of Man along different roads. China, India, Arabia, to mention only those best known to us, have each of them shaped their metaphysics proper. Actually, a set of moral or rather ethical first principles are common to all of them; positive, like social solidarity, the duty to assist and help our fellow-creatures; negative, as the condemnation of lying, or of encroachment upon the physical or psychological personality or the material interests of one another.

It is a popular misconception that conflict between states are springing from the violation by governments—who in their turn are being controlled by pressure groups ("international arms manufacturers") nourishing base designs—of the universally acknowledged rules of conduct. Ambition, greed, rancour, such would be the motives of an Alexander, a Caesar, a Napoleon, a Hitler, or a Stalin. The picture is too simplistic to satisfy us. However powerful those personages may have been, they were in some way

the products of their epoch and only the fortuitous conjunction of peculiar circumstances allowed them to shape the course of events. The underlying causes were elsewhere, they existed before them, and persisted to act long after the performer had disappeared from the scene.

The apostle Karl Marx could have stumbled upon no more receptive audience than the raw hordes whom Peter the Great himself had been unable to integrate with Europe. The leading classes in this enormous spawning-ground of peoples sprawling from Asia into Europe, even the "intelligentsia"—including the nihilist, anarchist, communist, etc. theoreticians—and in spite of the sporadic appearance of visionary artists, were marked with the indelible stamp of an inheritance foreign and hostile to the civilization of an Occident hailing its inspirations from the teachings of Socrates, Moses, Christ. Just as the limits of the Roman conquest can still be traced across the German lands, so the influence of Byzantium never overstepped the boundaries of what ultimately became the Ukraine. Beyond, there lay a different world. And thus it has remained. Here, man is the measure of everything, human life has got an inherent and absolute value. Over there, the individual counts for nothing, all value resides with the Community. They, at least an élite, in the midst of several hundred millions without any say in politics (or in anything else), have proclaimed their will to impose their conceptions upon the rest of Humanity. We on our side are just as bent upon spreading the "good message," such as we conceive it, among them and we are not disposed to acquiesce in the present partition of our Continent, or of the world, largely brought about as it is by their violence.

It is no use to stick to super annuated attitudes commanded by our ideas—and our errors—of yesterday, contemplating our own navel. It being admitted that Russia is our adversary—which should warn us not to slacken our vigilance—but that she may be as persuaded of her view-point being the right one leading to the happiness of mankind (should it perish on the road!) as we are of ours, then we must endeavour to understand her cravings and her motives, not in the hope of sharing or only to approve them but in order to be able to counter her moves. We shall have to imagine ourselves being in her position, with her social and economic structure, looking at things and people through goggles tainted with her conceptions and her prejudices.

The men of Kremlin must by now have realized that their conquest of the world is not for tomorrow. The communist parties and their sympathizers in the Western countries have not been very successful of late, and their Muscovite masters may have been led to admit "co-existence" as the lesser evil—whether for a temporary or a final solution remains to be seen. On our side, from the inconsiderate support lent to Denikin and consorts, to the Daladier-Chamberlain strategy of arming Germany for enabling her to crush Bolshevism—with what result, we did learn it only too soon—we cannot now but accept the situation in the U.S.S.R. as thoroughly settled. And if nothing is eternal in this base world, hardy were he indeed who would predict the term of either Communism in Russia, or of our so-called Capitalist era, which we are striving desperately against Socialism still to preserve a remnant of Liberalism.

Two nearly identical post-War decades, 25 years apart, have shown us how sterile is an attitude of non-co-operation and mutual suspicion. Even the most intransigent must in the end bow to the imperatives of the "getting on to live." After some preaching there will be talking, soon there is trade, and the people forget—the dead are walking fast!—and will within short wonder how things can ever have been otherwise. Yet the fundamental opposition persists. Men are being moved not only by greed but perhaps even more by their lust for power. Machiavelli spoke of "the will of the state"—but the state has no will, like all other psychic manifestations the will resides in man. Only men may be possessed with the myth of "the soul of the state." The dream of world hegemony, the triumph of the communist Paradise, respectively the liberal Elysium, remains latent behind the suave glossary about mutual interest, co-operation, friendship. If, some day, one or the other should deem himself strong enough to usurp the empire, if the equilibrium has been disturbed, catastrophe is near. Its outbreak just depends upon the appearing at the propitious moment of a condottiere void of humanitarian scruples. So far, he was always found.

What, then, could be done to ensure the stability of this naturally unstable equilibrium between two bodies the growth and the evolution of which follow essentially different roads and rates? The Nineteenth Century supplies us with the example of a constellation from which it might be possible to draw a lesson. Then the political equilibrium was controlled by Great Britain throwing alternatively her weight into the lighter scale. The horizon was then limited to the continent of Europe, that "small excrescence upon the Asiatic Mainland," whose importance—to our eyes of Europeans—determined and overshadowed all the rest. Today, the map is enlarged. Not only is there the U.S.A., who in some way prolongs that part of Europe called the Occident; there are also the Yellow and Brown world—not to reckon the Black—and who claim their equal shares of "places in the Sun," while ready to bear the corresponding burdens.

The balance-between-two results fatally in an arms race, one and the other striving to obtain that absolute superiority which will allow him to dictate his terms to the rival party. A balance-of-three should remove the hope for each of them to become stronger than the two others together. The prerequisite is, of course, after the advice of Machiavelli himself, that the weakest among them should not ally himself to a stronger for the subduing of the third, which will invariably lead to his own ultimate doom.

It is scarcely preposterous to affirm that neither among the Occidentals nor within the Russian (and Chinese) people there exists any desire of aggression. This is not to say that Ares is without his partisans in either camp, incorrigible Hotspurs, "men of one book"—or of no book at all—political filibusters who may occasionally usurp power thanks to their oratory or organizatory gifts. In face of them, the amorphous masses, the "middle classes" threatened with proletarianization, Moslem or Hindu crowds excited by religious fanatics or by agitators behind whom we distinguish shadowy sponsors. Also, minority groups such as European colonists in the midst of (comparatively) primitive native populations, and who everywhere have proven themselves inveterate reactionaries and prone to use authoritarian

methods to safeguard their particular interests. Last not least—our “*mea culpa*”—irresponsible politicians and columnists, and even members of governments, speaking and acting in utter contradiction to the elevated ideals proclaimed and revered by our responsible chiefs.

In the Occidental countries the freedom of public opinion to organize and express itself is sufficient proof of our profound will to challenge the other nations, whatever their ways of life and the colour of their skins, only with the arms of the spirit, with our technical skill and our mercantile shrewdness, or with our scientific genius and the attractiveness of our arts and letters. Highest among the performances of the Communists ranks their (progressive) abolition of analphabetism. Perhaps may we rejoice in thinking that that same victory of theirs opens perspectives of a diversification of the minds and the awakening, or the releasing, of a positive critical spirit—which may not exactly have been the intention of its promoters. There is evidence that a public opinion is coming into shape within the Soviet Union. The muzhik himself is less prepared than in the past to take in raw what fairy tales Party propagandists choose to feed to him. Perhaps even more than their troubles in the economic and alimentary field, which may only be temporary, that phenomenon is behind their recent change of tactics.

Besides our two colossi we now perceive looming upon the horizon the outline of a Third, the Indo-Islamic world. From Indonesia, via the Indies and the Arab states and as far as the Maghreb, a conglomerate of peoples and territories of a comparable magnitude to those are rising to form a counterpoise the significance of which has become capital already. A host of capable and far-sighted leaders have displayed or are displaying wonderful efforts to free their impatient fellow-countrymen from their millenary fetters of political and social serfdom and lead them on towards enlightenment and liberty. One has only to mention the names of Mohammed Abda the thinker, the reformer Qasim Amin, politicians as Dr. Soekarno or Colonel Nasser, the Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru or Sir John Kotelawala, to realize that this “Third Force” has already made good its claim to have their say into the new World Community.

During several centuries Islam remained an inert mass—at least as far as the “*Geopolitik*” was concerned, to use the term of the Kiel school—today the Moslem world is on the move. The parallelism with Christianity is striking. The evolution of our modern society dates practically from the time when the lay elements succeeded in liberating themselves from the grip of the Church and became able to shape the social (including the economic) and political habits which had only too long rested imprisoned in the straight-jacket of canonical law with its banning of criticism of the sacred texts, its prohibition of loans against interest, inferiority of woman’s status, etcetera. Before our very eyes an identical evolution is now taking place in Islam (and elsewhere), compressed into so short a span of time as to present a compact picture. We witness the coming about of the severing of religious and secular law, the interpretation of the Koran in the light of historical and philological methods, the acknowledgement of the importance of decent material conditions as the prerequisite of a healthy and elevated spiritual life. Even the statute of woman is approaching that of the Occident—

in this respect conforming to the precepts of Mahomet himself. The convulsions which at this very moment everywhere are shaking the Islamic states from Pakistan to Morocco are, as is their new-born nationalism, nothing but manifestations of that tension between mutually exclusive tenets. A similar struggle is going on in Israel, between Western democrats and the orthodox partisans of the theocratic state.

The road of India has been traced by the sage personality of Nehru, the emancipated disciple of the Mahatma Gandhi. The legend stirred up about his factotum Krishna Menon indicted with anti-Americanism may be due to our failure to appreciate the problems and aspirations of his country. Said Nasser: Egypt prefers neither Russia nor the West, Egypt prefers Egypt. Only too many amongst our good citizens are prone to cry out:—Who is not for us is against us! Yet we are by no means justified, because somebody does not accept for eternal truth every iota of our opinions and our prejudices, to stamp him a renegade or only hold him for suspect. India and Egypt, are not communist; and their prospects of ever becoming so are slight—unless we ourselves through our blindness and our self-righteousness should scare them into the arms of Moscow and Peiping.

The ways of thinking are different in Islam and the other religious or moral systems of Africa and Asia than what they are in Christianity. However de-Christianized we may have become, that term still remains the most adequate common denominator for Catholics, Protestants, Jews, atheists and the rest of us. The behaviour of the individual or of their organizations has been shaped differently by the hazard of the various spiritual guides that have appeared before them, just as their evolution has been determined largely by a multitude of external factors: climate, food etc. (see Huntington: *Mainsprings of Civilization*). If, as it has been said, tolerance is the criterion of civilization—and several among those we are here considering are by no means our inferiors in that respect—then we who flatter ourselves with the name of civilized peoples ought to concede to India and to everybody their right to profess the opinions and to conduct the policies of their choice, however wrong and inadequate—and adverse to our immediate interests—they may appear to us.

A neutral is not necessarily a foe, or only a nuisance. And we should not, for our particular strategic, disguised as moral, reasons deny to them the right to commerce and associate with the Russians and the Chinese as well as with us. Our use, or threat, of military or economic reprisals would just cut away the very foundations of our own prestige and position with them. We cannot withhold from them the liberty which we ourselves have inscribed on top of our banners—so much the less as we have yet got to redeem certain debts we have incurred towards them, to hush into oblivion certain unfortunate experiences dating from the epoch of a colonialism for which our present generation cannot free itself wholly from responsibility. May we open our eyes before it be too late.

Apparently, the constitution of an Afro-Asiatic Bloc as the arbiter of East-West relations is not imminent. The Bandoeng Conference has not justified similar anticipation, nevertheless one could there discern a trend which might serve for a warning to everyone concerned. If their military

forces may at present be held for negligible, or at least insufficient to decide an issue, their part of the earth constitutes a reservoir of materials of vital importance for the party to whom they might be held available, in case of need. When Japan was cut off from the Farther and Insular Indies she became virtually at the mercy of her adversaries. Controlling the farming, mining and manufacturing resources together with the roads and bases of communications from Gibraltar to Manila, the Occidental Powers have got a deadly stranglehold upon the Northern Giants.

The intervention of the United Nations Organization has proved decisive in a plurality of cases and its prestige is indubitably greater than that of the defunct League of Nations. Yet neither has been able to solve the fundamental problems, thanks to the statutory veto—but without which the U.N.O. would without doubt have disintegrated years ago. If nevertheless those problems have undergone some evolution, then that has so to speak been over the heads of the Organization and the crux is precisely to be found in the search for equilibrium, which is not likely to be settled through an arms race but, possibly, by the mediation of an arbiter, a Third Force that is respected by both Parties on the ground of its independence, its moral integrity, and its physical power. Is the Afro-Asiatic Group, or will it once it has been organized be prepared to assume that rôle? Will it undertake to use its military force, which still remains to be implemented, against whosoever threatens to trouble the peace of the world, be it the Russians, be it us? Better still: will that Group, as in the vision of Nehru, by the sheer virtue of its moral elevation, succeed in imposing upon a prospective aggressor the respect of Law and the forsaking of resort to arms? In the end, through the concord of all three, will the settlement become assured of all and any differences by peaceful, and legal means?

Copenhagen.

KAY HECKSCHER.

THE HONEY BEE

THE honey bee has been on the earth for hundreds of millions of years longer than man. Much information regarding it is due to the unremitting research of two Swiss naturalists, Huber and Berneus. This remarkable yellow-coloured insect is about twice the size of the common house fly. It has three main parts—head, thorax and abdomen. The head bears the eyes, tongue and antennae. Two of the compound eyes are at the side and three on top, a bi-focal arrangement for seeing objects near and distant. It has no eyelids, the tiny hairs surrounding the eyes point outward for their protection. The tongue, strong, flexible and slender as a thread, is almost as long as its body; it is really a protuberance of the under lip and when not in use is folded up like a penknife. The antennae or feelers have numerous spots and hollows by which it hears, smells and tells what kind of substance it touches in the dark. If anything should happen to the antennae the bee would be like a rudderless ship at sea. It would refuse all food and die. To the thorax are attached six legs and four wings. The extremely movable joints enable it to curve around objects and secure a firmer grasp. Between the two long and short claws are pads by which it clings to

slippery surfaces. The two foremost legs have multiple brushes for sweeping pollen into the panniers on the hindmost ones, and on one leg is a prong for its removal. There is nothing cleaner than the bee; it is constantly grooming itself with its numerous brushes and combing its head. When it puts out its tongue it holds it between its front claws so as to give it a good rubbing. Its wings are colourless like glass and extremely thin and delicate. In flight the larger and smaller pair are hooked together so that the wind may not impede its progress. In the abdomen are two stomachs, the honey sac and the sting. The first stomach, smaller than a sweet-pea seed, capable of holding less than a minute drop and, in appearance, fragile as a soap bubble, is really the honey sac. When nectar is swallowed it is mixed with pollen dust and a certain amount passed into the second stomach for nourishment. During flight, when the bee is not hungry, the pollen is strained from the nectar. Then, immediately following its digestion, it becomes honey and is forwarded by a special duct to the bees' mouths who pass it to colleagues in the hive. At the extreme end of the abdomen is the sting on both sides of which are the five lower barbs through which poison is ejected. A bee's sting has probably one of three causes—irritation in thundery weather; fear in human beings producing an offensive odour to which the bee retaliates with a swift 'dagger' thrust; it is also used in self-defence when attacked. Unlike a cat or dog it is extremely difficult to hold a bee where it cannot sting. Having once done so the effort to withdraw the weapon wrenches it from its body with a fatal result.

The bee is primarily a social creature. In the process of honey-making its first act, after gorging itself with honey, is to cluster together with thousands of its kind, digesting the food which later exudes from their bodies in the form of fat. When this, in turn, has been digested it reappears in ribbons of wax. It is computed that one pound of wax represents a consumption of twenty five pounds of honey. For beeswax, a highly valuable commercial product, no satisfactory substitute has yet been discovered. With the wax the mason bees commence the task of constructing the comb, and they build from the top downward. The cells are always hexagonal, having the advantage of strength and large storing capacity. They are slightly tilted to prevent spilling and are rimmed and polished, a diamond-shaped deposit of wax being placed at the base of each cell for extra strength. The wax part of honey forms, moreover, much of its dietetic value.

Comb-making has hardly well begun before the queen begins to lay her tiny eggs in thimble-shaped cells specially prepared for her use, a number of drones having contended for her in mid-air. The winner has incidentally to pay the price by forfeiting his life as happens to the bee when it stings. The queen is capable of laying over three thousand eggs a day and, following a single impregnation, continues to hatch them, at a varying rate, throughout three or even four seasons. During this activity she is attended by 'maids of honour' who clean, feed and care for her in every possible way. Anatomically she differs in several respects from both drone and worker. Unlike the latter she has no honey sac or pollen baskets, and her wings, antennae and tongue are smaller. Drones are larger than queens and than their own sisters and have neither sting, honey sac or pollen baskets. The curved sting

which the queen reserves solely for use against rival queens is only slightly bent and can therefore be easily withdrawn and used repeatedly. At the end of each season the drones are either stung to death or driven from the hive and left to their fate. Concerning the fixation of the sex of the unborn bee there are different theories. My personal opinion is that the sex has already been determined when the egg is hatched. All workers are potential females and the production of a queen is solely a matter of feeding. The larvae intended for such are fed from the third day with a special diet known as 'royal jelly' produced from glands in the heads of the attendant nurses. Into the cells of the remaining larvae, food, in the form of 'bee milk' consisting of a mixture of digested pollen and nectar, and later of 'bee bread,' the same material but undigested and therefore of stronger quality, is pumped, most of it being absorbed through the skin. In due course the cell is sealed with a porous cap so that the grub can breathe. It soon spins a cocoon, becomes a chrysalis and finally eats its way into the hive. The entire process of development from egg to full grown bee occupies approximately a fortnight for queens and a little longer for workers and drones respectively.

Following a brief rest the honey bee (or worker) begins its life work after having been a sort of 'jack of all trades', for example, undertaker, water carrier, sick nurse, ventilator, sentinel. Every hive has its own particular smell and intruders are resolutely refused admittance. After a fortnight's apprenticeship to various occupations the bee acts as nursing mother to the grubs and then sets out as a forager. Her harvest is gathered entirely from flowers and only one variety is visited at a time. When emerging from the hive bees do not fly in 'a bee (or straight) line' but in a spiral and subsequently adopt a zig zag course, the buzzing sound being accounted for by the extremely rapid movement of their wings. For a pound of honey it is estimated that millions of visits have been paid to scores of thousands of blooms. The little creature works so assiduously at its task that in about twenty-one days it is quite worn out and expires. The entire period from egg to grave is rarely longer than six weeks. The queen, however, may live for six or seven years.

When the 'home workers' have received the honey from the foragers they stamp it into the 'tubs,' leaving it uncapped until the moisture evaporates and it 'ripens.' A drop of poison is then injected, and once the cell has been sealed the honey will keep almost interminably. The gathering of nectar provides an essential service for most trees and flowers. Two thirds of apple trees, one half of pear trees and all the sweet cherries are too sterile in themselves to produce fruit without cross-pollination by the bees. Were it not for their work many plants would disappear.

When a good supply of nectar has been discovered the foragers share the news by a kind of 'dance' performed on the comb, the distance and direction being indicated by diagrams. Von Frisch states that by a close observance of these movements he has personally been able to locate the feeding grounds to which a particular 'dance' refers. The precise source of the nectar is revealed by the exhalation of an odour produced by the 'scent satchels' in the bees' bodies. The three main sources of honey are fruit blossom, white clover and heather. The brand obtained from clover is a bright amber

colour, and reckoned the best. Red clover is practically useless because its long florets are difficult to negotiate.

Honey, the most digestible of all sugars, was commonly used for sweetening purposes until the seventeenth century. In Saxon times it was drunk as 'mead'. A hive has never more than one queen. She will brook no rival. When the population becomes too large she departs, followed by an immense retinue, to form a new colony. An ancient custom 'Telling the Bees' is still observed in certain remote places. Whenever a death occurs in the beekeeper's family the bees are informed. Originally it was believed that unless this were done and the hives draped in mourning the bees would fly away. Whittier tells of it in one of his poems.

R. J. ANGLIN JOHNSON.



LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

STANLEY BALDWIN

Mr. Baldwin's chivalrous defence of his father's name and fame is well worth reading. He has discharged his filial duty with deep but controlled affection—*suaviter in modo fortiter in re*. Previous biographies of varying merit have not told the whole tale, or, as he calls it, the true story. It is easy to understand why Mr. G. M. Young's authorised narrative failed to satisfy those who knew him best, though Baldwin himself told a beloved friend, Dr. Thomas Jones, that he would like him to undertake the task more than anyone else and "would be lucky to get him." The author devotes an Epilogue to a criticism of Mr. Young and an equal amount of space to Sir Winston Churchill's far more damaging attack in the first volume of his epic on the Second World War. His readers, I think, will agree that he has succeeded in portraying his father as a man of exceptional nobility of spirit, kindly, generous, unselfish, with a heart of gold. No Prime Minister of our time or of any time has felt a deeper love for his fellows or a keener desire to help them to a better, fuller, happier and more peaceful life. Before the appearance of this intimate record readers came nearest to him in the fascinating *Diary with Letters* of Dr. Thomas Jones, formerly Assistant Secretary to the Cabinet and later Secretary of the Pilgrim Trust.

A few actors on the political stage, among them in my time Gladstone, Joseph Chamberlain, Lloyd George and Winston Churchill, are born great, others rise to greatness, "and some have greatness thrust upon them." Baldwin's ascent resembles that of Harry S. Truman—a sudden and unexpected call to a man who had attracted little attention but who revealed reserves of moral strength which surprised the world. Reared in a prosperous family business in the Midlands he succeeded to what may be called a family seat in Parliament at the mature age of forty, but he found life at Westminster little to his liking. Sitting opposite to him for two sessions in 1908-9 I never heard him speak, and his average for the first few years was about once a year. In his own arresting words written at the end of his life "I felt I was no use to God or man." But then occurred one of the unpredictable events which are the stuff of history. It was during the war, he continues, that he found his soul. "There came to me by degrees a changed sense of values, and I began to feel that I might be used for some special work. And I was becoming very well off, which rather frightened me. So I began by getting rid of about £200,000 which I gave away, mostly anonymously. I began to think out the kind of leadership the country would need when the peace came. The peace came, and by 1919 and 1920 the temper of the country was worse than it had ever been. It was obvious that the first thing to be done was to pull the country together, to make them realise the brotherhood of the human family. It seemed simple and obvious, but how to do it?"

The first step, he was convinced, was to overthrow the Coalition Government of Lloyd George which ruled the country from the end of 1916 to the end of 1922. His chance came when the temperamental Prime Minister's Philhellenism seemed about to drag us into a war with the rejuvenated Turkey of Mustapha Kemal. The Conservative machine and the large majority of the rank and file of Conservatives in and out of Parliament had long been whispering, planning, plotting, straining at the leash. The little Welsh wizard, they complained, had broken his own party; why should he be allowed to break theirs? The Coalition was overthrown at the Carlton Club by the eleventh hour reluctant emergence of the ailing Bonar Law as an alternative Premier, and by Baldwin's blunt declaration that he would rather retire from public life than remain a Member and a Minister of the Coalition.

When Byron published his first long poem he awoke, in his own words, to find himself famous. The same rare smile of fortune fell on Baldwin at the age of fifty-seven. We knew he had been Financial Secretary to the Treasury in the war years and President of the Board of Trade when the struggle was over, but he was scarcely even a name to the British public

and completely unknown to the wider world. With that brief but resonant utterance at the Club he entered into history, was made Chancellor of the Exchequer, visited Washington to arrange for the repayment of our debt, and in six months succeeded Bonar Law in Downing Street. His old chief had been horrified by the terms of the debt settlement, and no one felt sure whether the new captain would be up to his task. One of his former colleagues in the Coalition Cabinet remarked to me at that moment: "If I had looked round the table at a Cabinet meeting and asked myself which of us was the least likely to become Prime Minister, I should have replied without hesitation—Stanley Baldwin." His sudden dissolution of Parliament soon after taking office in order to obtain a mandate for protection threw away a comfortable Conservative majority and let in a weak Labour Government. Such miscalculation seemed to his critics to confirm their fears and to challenge his own conviction that he understood the common man better than anyone in public life. Soon, however, the frowns of fortune turned to smiles and the MacDonald Ministry ignominiously collapsed. On his return to Downing Street at the end of 1924 he came into his own with a reunited party. His good-tempered handling of the general strike rendered him by far the most popular and trusted statesman in England. The next quinquennium was his political honeymoon. Europe was recovering from the war and the American blizzard was far away. Never before or since has a Conservative Prime Minister enjoyed such popularity in the Labour party.

The second MacDonald Government of 1929-31 had to bear the brunt of the blizzard, the rocketing unemployment, and the abandonment of the gold standard. Once again Baldwin was summoned to join and sustain a Coalition under the shadowy leadership of a Premier whom failing health and repudiation by his party had reduced to a *roi fainéant*. Four years later he became Prime Minister for the third time, at last the uncontested captain of the ship; but with power came the sternest tests of his career—the Abyssinian war, the abdication crisis, and the Nazi challenge. His failure to support his Foreign Secretary Sir Samuel Hoare when the press attacked the Hoare-Laval offer to Mussolini was not heroic, but it may be plausibly argued that he had no real choice. The second hurdle was surmounted with a tact which earned him the gratitude of a majority of his countrymen, though the Duke of Windsor's Memoirs present a less rosy picture of the relations between the King and the Prime Minister than in these pages. The third grave problem, his reaction to German rearmament, is still more controversial, and the attempt to vindicate the father's statesmanship forms the core of the book. The biographer, like his father, admits that the celebrated declaration about the probable loss of an election on the issue of rearmament was a bad blunder. The speaker, he says, was tired, off his guard. Whatever the cause, the phrase has stuck to his memory like a burr, just as the well-meaning Bethmann's "scrap of paper" will keep his name alive. We are reminded of the important fact, however, that the Prime Minister was speaking of a hypothetical election in 1933 or 1934, not, as is commonly believed, of the actual election of 1935. Only a superman could at this early period have roused the nation to a sense of peril, and Baldwin was no superman. Apart from this unfortunate slip of the tongue his son finds nothing to criticise.

When Baldwin succeeded MacDonald in 1935 he felt sure that he could not carry the burden for more than two years. He was ordered a long rest in the summer of 1936, but the cure was incomplete when the abdication crisis fell on him like a thunderbolt. So exhausted was he by this final strain that on the morrow of his resignation he lamented that he could no longer sleep nor read. He retired with an earldom, and not a whisper was heard that he had failed or let his country down.

Two years later we were at war, but it was not till May 1940 that Hitler stormed into western Europe and we realised that we were fighting for our lives. The country rallied round Winston Churchill, but many overstrained patriots lost their self-control and pelted the retired veteran with shrill cries of traitor and criminal. This was not the time to reply, and Baldwin was never a fighter for his own hand. Deeply grieved, he withdrew to the peace of his beloved home, fortified by a tranquil conscience and a deep religious faith. The most surprising statement in the final chapter is that he had forfeited the confidence of the King. Since the author has portrayed his father and Edward VIII as parting on friendly and almost affectionate terms, the reference must be to George VI. Since the biographer thought it necessary to mention the subject it might have been well to tell us a little more.

Stanley Baldwin was regarded by those who did not know him as a typical, simple, easy-

going, kind-hearted Englishman, slow to think, slow to act, slow to wrath. They were mistaken. I remember one of his secretaries saying to me twenty years ago: "S.B. is a very complicated person." Occasional glimpses of the inner man were provided by such speeches as those on the Trade Union bill and the Indian scheme of Sir Samuel Hoare which was so violently attacked by Winston Churchill. Two or three such times in his life Baldwin struck deep notes rarely heard in debate which recalled the unadorned but moving accents of Lincoln and John Bright. He had lived with the great masters of English prose and learned that the loftiest heights could be scaled without rhetoric or artifice. Whatever his politics, the reader will close this intimate book with a kindlier feeling for a man of the finest metal if not always of the wisest judgment.

A soul supreme in each hard instance tried,

Above all pain, all passion and all pride.

Pope's tribute to Harley might well have found a place on the title page of this moving filial tribute. In the words of his ministerial colleague Lord Templewood he humanised English politics—a lofty and well deserved compliment. Though he has no claim to rank among our great Prime Ministers, no finer spirit has occupied that post of lonely grandeur and crushing responsibility.

G. P. GOOCH

My Father: the true story. By A. W. Baldwin. Allen & Unwin, 25s.

THE LETTERS OF GIBBON

The author of the *Decline and Fall* is one of the greater luminaries of eighteenth-century literature, and though his letters shine only with a transient and reflected light it is good to have those that exist in an edition which deserves every praise. We meet him first at Lausanne, often, he says, giving ten or twelve hours a day to his studies, writing to his father in French not as good as he perhaps imagined and conducting a learned correspondence in Latin with a Swiss professor. His temporary and surprising youthful conversion to Catholicism is already over, but we can trace in his letters to Suzanne Cuchod his ill-fated and genuine but always, one suspects, rather literary early love affair. Gibbonian sentences, combining elegance with intolerance of humbug, appear here and there, as when he goes to Venice: "Of all the towns in Italy, I am the least satisfied with Venice. Objects which are only singular without being pleasing produce a momentary surprise which soon gives way to satiety and disgust. Old and in general ill built houses, ruined pictures, and stinking ditches dignified with the pompous denomination of Canals; a fine bridge spoilt by two Rows of houses upon it, and a large square decorated with the worst Architecture I ever yet saw, and wonderful only in a place where there is more land than water: such are the colours I should employ in my portrait of Venice." When he saw Suzanne, now Mme. Necker, again, injured pride brought a crispness into his phrases and a wrong word betrayed his inner disturbance. "Could they insult me more cruelly? Ask me every evening to summer (sic), go to bed and leave me alone with his wife; what an impertinent security. It is making an old lover of mighty little consequence." But Gibbon was a moderate man. He remained their friend for the rest of his life, found Necker a "sensible good-natured creature," and on a later visit to Paris could write of Suzanne: "I live with her just as I used to do twenty years ago, laugh at her Paris varnish, and oblige her to become a simple reasonable Suisse." Meanwhile he had become a Member of Parliament, without, he said, patriotism—in the eighteenth-century sense—and without ambition and confining his hopes to the acquisition of a post in the Board of Trade. Though he had written that an historian is always up to a point a politician, he took no pleasure in the House of Commons. "Without talents, or at least without resolution for a public life I have consumed days and nights a silent spectator of noisy and factious debates."

Gibbon was not a natural letter-writer, indeed it is evident that he disliked having to write letters and put off writing even necessary ones as long as he could. His literary interests make little showing in this collection. Even the History enters unheralded and casually. "The season is more agreeable," he writes to his step-mother, "and I am just at present engaged in a great Historical Work." He is pleased to tell a friend that his first volume has succeeded "like the novel of the day." As one might expect with a man who seems to have written mainly duty or business letters, Gibbon's correspondence is filled, perhaps too much for our liking, with the details of health, domestic arrangements and above all financial

matters, for he was always preoccupied with these and was, one suspects, like his father, whom he criticised for it, not a very good man of business. It would be unfair to complain of the contents of Gibbon's correspondence; he was not writing for us. We should rather be grateful for the incidental light that is thrown, all the more genuine because it is written with no thought that posterity might be interested in his letters, on the author of the *Decline and Fall*. The devotion of Lord Sheffield, "the man in the world whom I love and esteem the most," has to be read between the lines and in the pains that he took to sort out the historian's financial affairs. Writing to his Swiss friend, Deyverdun, Gibbon is more expansive, possibly because he is writing in French. After 1784, when he abandoned his parliamentary seat, and with the disappearance of Lord North's political influence was disappointed of his hopes of selling it, he spent most of his time with Deyverdun at Lausanne. The death of his friend in 1789, his own ill-health and the coming of the French Revolution brought clouds over the peaceful scene; but he lingered there, his house a rendezvous for French emigrés and English travellers, to 1793.

A triumphal return to England was rapidly followed by an operation, which considering what eighteenth-century operations were he writes of with surprising lightness, and death in 1794. Two years earlier he had discussed with Lord Sheffield the disposal of his library, and what he wrote may well serve as his epitaph. "I am a friend to the circulation of property of every kind, and besides the pecuniary advantage of my poor heirs, I consider a public sale as the most laudable method of disposing of it. From such sales my books were chiefly collected, and when I can no longer use them they will be again culled by various buyers according to the measure of their wants and means. If indeed [there were] a true liberal library in London, I might be tempted to enrich the catalogue and encourage the institution: but to bury my treasure in a country mansion under the key of a jealous master! I am not flattered by the Gibbonian collection, and shall own my presumptuous belief that six quarto Volumes may be sufficient for the preservation of that name." The six volumes of the *Decline and Fall* have indeed proved enough, and though their author may not have expected that his letters would be added to the History and autobiographical writings, he would have been proud of the care and scholarship that Miss Norton has devoted to their editing.

ALFRED COBBAN

The Letters of Edward Gibbon. Edited by J. E. Norton. Cassell, £8 8s.

THE BURMA CAMPAIGN

When Sir Reginald Dorman-Smith arrived in Burma as Governor in May 1941, he found a curious spirit of complacency prevailing, based on the belief that a Japanese attack was improbable. The country was unprepared for war and was erroneously regarded as a base area for Singapore rather than as a bastion for India. When General Slim arrived ten months later, Lower Burma was already being overrun by the Japanese, who had struck where least expected, the British forces had met disaster at the Sittang bridge, and Rangoon had just fallen. *Last and First in Burma* is Maurice Collis' account of the campaign and its aftermath, based largely on personal papers placed at his disposal by Sir Reginald Dorman-Smith and others and viewed mainly from the political angle. Field Marshal Slim's book is the personal narrative of the brilliant commander who turned initial defeat into ultimate overwhelming victory. The two volumes under review are therefore largely complementary to one another and, between them, provide the fullest and most revealing description of the military and political aspects of the Burma campaign yet published. Apart from the lucid and extremely readable account of the operations given by Field Marshal Slim, some of the most interesting passages in his book are those dealing with the irascible Stilwell, the temperamental Wingate, the stubborn and undependable Chiang Kai-Shek and, in the closing phase, the strangely frank and courageous Aung San after his break with the Japanese. Chiang cuts a very poor figure; but between Stilwell and Slim, the only British commander under whom that difficult soldier was prepared to work, there developed a bond of mutual respect and liking such as existed between "Vinegar Joe" and no other commander, British or American.

Although it is to the fine fighting spirit of the men in the ranks and the regimental officers that Sir William Slim gives the main credit for turning defeat into victory, his own ability to inspire confidence and affection among subordinates and superiors alike stands out clearly

in these pages and played an all-important part in the transformation. Few commanders writing of their own campaigns, however, have been so ready as he to point out their own errors of judgement or to avoid any attempt to shift the blame on to others; and even when recounting the grimmest of situations he intersperses his text with revealing and humorous anecdotes and vivid pen-sketches of individuals concerned in them. As an old Gurkha officer himself, his pride in the Gurkha battalions shows a very human side and calls to mind Kipling's "unchristian wish" of sixty years ago, to see how Gurkhas would stand up to Japanese. To these Japanese, whom Kipling had thought would make "first class enemies," Field Marshal Slim pays high tribute for their tenacity, skill and courage, their readiness to take risks, and their refusal to surrender, though he is unsparing in his denunciation of the barbarities perpetrated by some of them during the campaign. Of that campaign he brings out the horrors of the initial 900-mile retreat into India, "outmanoeuvred, outfought and out-generalled"; the preparations for the subsequent offensive; the decision to withdraw to ground of his own choosing for the purpose of crippling the Japanese before re-entering Burma; the four-months' Kohima-Imphal struggle, the first of two decisive battles in South-East Asia; the Irrawaddy crossing of February 1945, involving the longest opposed river-crossing in any theatre of the 1939-1945 war; the decisive strike at Meiktila; the final race to Rangoon; and the "battle of the breakout" in July 1945, when the badly shattered Japanese made their last desperate attempt, in appalling monsoon conditions, to break free and reform for a fresh offensive. All these are vividly described and made easy to follow on the excellent maps provided.

It was during the race to Rangoon that Aung San presented himself to General Slim and, by his bearing, led that astute judge of men to form the opinion that, with proper treatment, he would prove a Burmese Smuts. His subsequent death by assassination was a grievous loss. Sir Reginald Dorman-Smith was likewise greatly impressed by him, but realised the political implications of his demands. Hitherto Sir Reginald has been depicted as something of a reactionary and it was in part due to his inability to accept these demands that this legend arose. It is to the credit of Maurice Collis' book that he is now revealed in a very different light. Even before the war he had shown himself sympathetic towards Burmese nationalist aspirations and, following the collapse of Burma, he pledged himself to strive not only to restore the British prestige lost by our failure to protect Burma but also to put that country back on its feet and rebuild its economy. How he was hindered by Whitehall's failure to heed his advice, and how eventually he was made a scapegoat after his suggestions had been accepted without any acknowledgement that they were his, makes sad but extremely interesting reading.

MALCOLM D. KENNEDY

Defeat into Victory. By Field Marshal Sir William Slim. Cassell, 25s.
Last and First in Burma. By Maurice Collis. Faber, 30s.

THE LAST FIVE YEARS IN CHINA

Future historians will probably date the final test of Communism in China from 1955, when the Communists threw off the last pretences of Mao Tse-tung's *New Democracy* (written in 1940) as an equal partnership of State and people, to drive with a fury unsurpassed even in Russia for total State ownership of every form of rural and urban activity. At this juncture Professor Walker's unique survey of the first five years (1949-54) of Communist rule is, therefore, particularly valuable. Where other writers, even when critical, could deal only with a section of developments as they found it on a short visit within closely bounded limits, Professor Walker gives a complete account of the growth of the tyranny over body and mind alike now concentrated in the hands of Mao Tse-tung and the seventy-two members of the Central Executive Committee of the Communist Party. Apart from some reports by refugees, (which certainly cannot be rejected indiscriminately), nine-tenths of his information is drawn from the Communist's own publications, which, as those who have to study them can testify, are surprisingly revealing.

The book is carefully constructed, each main feature in the Communists' progress being taken in turn—the change from the pretence of "learning from the masses" to the assertion of mastery over them; the building of the administration; "brain-washing and cultural dictatorship"; the appalling purges of 1951 and 1952 (the famous Hu Feng case last summer and subsequent assaults on "reactionaries" show how active purging still is); terrorism

as the never-sheathed Damocles sword; Red China's foreign policy. On page 27 there is an interesting diagram showing how the power of the CEC radiates through ministries, regional authorities and a long chain of subordinate organizations so that it can be focussed at once on any suspected spot. Curiously enough Professor Walker does not mention the universal military service law passed in 1954: it is difficult not to think that this is as much designed to rivet the CEC's grip on the masses as for national defence. But, as the British Labour Members noted in 1954, soldiers are everywhere, the Security police, the mob law of the People's Courts, in which the accused may not say a word in self-defence, and the hosts of cadres, or activists, drilled, steeled and dehumanized, with "the hard Communist face" which missionaries had learnt to recognize even before the final Red victories.

It is curious how the Communists repeat the practice of the only previous totalitarian Chinese Government. Just as the Emperor Shih Hwang Ti, 2,200 years ago, slaughtered the Confucian scholars and burnt their books in order to stamp out the classical political philosophy, so the Communists have forced thousands of scholars, some of them men of world-wide repute, to make abject public confessions of their ideological errors, and have ransacked China's finest libraries to destroy hundreds of thousands of books tainted with "vestiges of feudal culture." Summing up his researches Professor Walker says that Mao Tse-tung and his colleagues have done something probably more dangerous to their power than to found a police State; they have isolated themselves from the masses whom they pretend to serve, and are forcing upon them a foreign mode of life and thought abhorrent to all their instincts. If the Chinese succumb, it will be the first time in their long history.

The conflicting questions of the true relations between Russia and China are evenly summed up; but there is much to suggest that the Communists' ultimate aim (their feverish haste to industrialize China is one symptom) is to rid themselves of dependence on Russia, as they have of other nations. And Moscow is undoubtedly uneasy over Mao Tse-tung's proclaimed intention to "liberate" and dominate all Asia. It is strange that the Asians, even including Mr. Nehru, seem to have forgotten China's unequalled record in the past five years for naked imperialist aggression—in Tibet, North Korea, Vietnam, Laos, in the Free Thai movement on the borders of Thailand, the vigorous fifth column in Indonesia. They appear to have swallowed unquestioningly Chou En-lai's honeyed talk of "peaceful co-existence" and "mutual non-interference," which is more dangerous to their liberties than armed invasion.

O. M. GREEN

China under Communism. By Richard L. Walker. Allen & Unwin, 30s.

ASIAN NATIONALISM

The object of this book is "to extract from the complex events a narrative of the post-war history in Asia," in other words to trace the rise of nationalism in that hitherto remote continent. Guy Wint has achieved this object admirably. The simplification of such extremely complicated affairs is a dangerous and difficult task yet he has adroitly avoided most of the snares that beset his path, though he could perhaps have devoted a little space to an explanation of the characters of the peoples involved.

His view of the main political events is clear, his exposition well-phrased, and his insistence on the essential difference between the historical backgrounds to modern India and China—the fact that the latter has never been conquered or overrun by a Western power—most apposite. America's amazing "about-face" since 1947, the similarity of south-east Asia to the Balkans, the reasons why India has not so far become Communist are all dealt with succinctly but as fully as possible in so few pages.

In his categorical statement that "no people were more nationalist and proud than the Chinese" surely the author in his context mistakes the nature of that nationalism as in another place he confuses Domestic and State Shinto. Nationalism as we know and understand it is a peculiarly Western evil, and the only reason so proud a race as the Chinese were able to remain passive under the foreign yoke as they did for so long a time under both Mongol and Manchu was because they were more concerned to maintain their cultural integrity than their political independence.

The oriental has an instinctive dislike of being obligated to anyone, and with what amounts to almost an obsession with dignity the slightest insult must be avenged exactly. In the past the West has only ever played the part of aggressor in Asia, and Japan's retaliation

at Pearl Harbour for Commodore Perry's arrogant attack in 1853 remains a warning and an indication of how the Eastern mind works. What after all is American and European financial and economic aid but a form of blackmail, a variation on the theme of imperialism? Mr. Wint does not under-value Japan's part in Asia's past but perhaps he underestimates the role she may play in the future.

Yet the really great evil today, as he is not slow to point out, is the tremendous pressure of an astounding birth-rate and population increase, a direct cause of abject poverty, combined with the fact that so many of those now possessing the vote lack the intelligence to use it effectually. They are uninformed simply because they can neither read nor write; most of them are incapable even of reason, and the only solution for this situation of course lies in education—but can they be educated in time? Any criticism of this excellent little book can only be mere carping, quibbling over details, and by clarifying the position for us Mr. Wint deserves our most grateful thanks. It is a pity though that there should be several easily-avoidable typographical errors in a book emanating from a publishing concern which has always striven to equate economy with quality.

G. J. BONTOLT

Spotlight on Asia. By Guy Wint. Penguin Books, 2s. 6d.

A FRENCHMAN ON GERMANY

The distinguished French scholar Alfred Grosser has written one of the best accounts of recent German history. His survey of the political, economic and moral aspects of the German question is based on an intensive knowledge of the available material and gives sources wherever possible. While not shrinking from analysis and generalisation, he avoids the temptation to force the facts into the straitjacket of preconceived ideas. He frankly states his opinion *sine ira et studio*. He is not afraid to be critical where he considers it necessary, whether of the Germans or of his own people. He examines the complicated question of the relationship between the German people and National Socialism. He says that "we must guard against studying German behaviour in the light of racial prejudice similar to the one which we condemn in them." While fully recognising the popular success of National Socialism, he holds that Hitler could not have come to power without the support of the right-wing industrialists and part of the army. Though he notes the rigours of the police State, he believes that even without these the great majority of the population would not have been active opponents of the régime because of their respect for authority. He confirms, however, that "when the war came it was accepted in Germany with resignation and no enthusiasm."

One of the best sections deals with the attempts of the western allies to carry out "denazification." There can be little disagreement with the conclusion that their effort was largely a failure. The difficulties were naturally tremendous. The lawless "legality" of a criminal régime had left a vacuum which could not immediately be filled. It was difficult enough to establish facts, for before this could be done terms had to be defined and these terms themselves had to be modified in the light of experience. The problem began with the apparently very simple question as to who had been a Nazi. He is right in his view that it was a bad judgement of the occupation authorities to spread the net too wide. For it weakened the punishment of those most responsible by giving them many "co-sufferers." The most important thing should have been to isolate the guilty leaders. The author also considers the rejection of the idea of a neutral tribunal to try war criminals a great error. He castigates the lack of co-ordination between the occupying powers. In his opinion, the British come out best in many ways, while he is severely critical of the French in most respects. He recalls the hesitations and inconsistencies of Allied economic policy—the gradual transition from dismantling to economic support, both policies actually being carried out simultaneously for a time! He says with some justice that the German people have not been sufficiently grateful for this help from their late victors, though in all fairness it must be added that many responsible leaders have publicly acknowledged Germany's debt.

The attitude of the expellees from Germany's "eastern territories" is viewed with disquiet, particularly as in the opinion of the author the Federal Government is giving too much encouragement to their hope of returning to their former homes. He notes unfavourably the transfer of the Federal Ministry for Refugee Affairs from the moderate

Herr Lukaschek to the outspoken and controversial Professor Oberlaender. The present reviewer considers, however, that it is too early to judge the effect of the millions of expellees on the future of Central Europe, for this will depend entirely on developments east of the Iron Curtain, not on the expellees themselves. The reaffirmation of allegiance to the old homes in Silesia and Pomerania may be either the protestations of lost hopes or the warning signals of future trouble. It would be unfair to expect the author to be able to look into the future. What he has done with great ability and fairness is to give a lucid summary of salient trends, which should be invaluable as a background to future events.

FRANK EYCK

Western Germany: From Defeat to Rearmament. By Alfred Grosser. Translated by Richard Rees. Allen & Unwin, 18s.

THE PLOT TO KILL HITLER

On July 20, 1944, Claus Werner von Stauffenberg, a colonel in the German General Staff, placed a bomb in the German Army Headquarters. It was reasonable to expect it to kill Hitler, whose death was to be the signal for a revolt to break the Nazi dictatorship and to restore the rule of law. Stauffenberg was a member of a group of officers, diplomats, civil servants, landowners, priests, and trade unionists, united in wishing to lead Germany back into the community of civilised nations. Hitler survived; the attempt to carry out the plans miscarried. Nearly all the participants paid with their lives, aware, as Tresckow, one of their members, said, that "the worth of a man is certain only if he is prepared to sacrifice his life for his convictions."

These are the bare facts. In Britain few people know the background of July 20, due partly to the lack of books on the subject. Mr. FitzGibbon's work thus fills a gap. It is well written and well founded; the wealth of detail shows the amount of research which has preceded it. Its language, that of the novelist, is clear and readable, although the historian would have been grateful for references. There are some points one could question: some anti-Communist Ukrainian volunteers may have been decent men as suggested (p. 45), but others surpassed the S.S. in brutality. Also it is untrue that in Prussia political leaders during the last 150 years were supreme over the military (p. 120). Had this been so, history might have taken a different course. But these details do not reduce the book's value. To the author the members of the conspiracy were heroes, and few English readers will join issue on this. Not being subject to an historian's limitations, he succeeds in re-creating the tense atmosphere in which the conspirators lived, acted, and died. The full impact of their valour is felt.

In another respect Mr. FitzGibbon is less successful. He makes Britain and the U.S.A. partly responsible for the failure of the conspiracy. Is he justified? The revolt might have failed even had Hitler been killed, because the plans for taking over the Government were deficient. Allowances must be made, considering the difficulties of planning under the eyes of the Gestapo, yet details were overlooked—as for instance the occupation of the broadcasting stations—which should not have escaped members of the German General Staff. Equally deficient were the plans for the future; it is doubtful if the orders and proclamations prepared would have prevented civil war in a country conditioned by Goebbels for over ten years. Both organisation and political preparation showed a lack of understanding of life outside mess and barracks, so long the confines of a German officer's life. This reviewer was assured by a former member of the General Staff that many officers were in agreement with the aims of the plot but did not take part because they doubted the political capacity of the conspirators. Politically most of them, officers and civilians, were Conservative. Even before 1918 German political conservatism had lacked any positive programme, and under Hugenberg's leadership it had become a mere appendage of the NSDAP—hence the understandable lack of confidence of British and American leaders when they learned of the plot. On this point many readers will disagree with the author; in spite of his efforts they will believe that the conspiracy was not sufficiently well prepared to justify any variation in the planned conduct of the war.

Had preparations been more efficient, had there been a clear and unanimous political conception, even had Hitler been killed, they might not have succeeded in overthrowing his henchmen. It is this difficulty—that in a total State only a total revolution can succeed—

which is not sufficiently recognised. Yet the author deserves our gratitude. Not only has he written an account of an historic event little known to readers in this country, but he has rescued from oblivion the memory of men who were heroes not only because in following their conscience they defied the omnipotent machine of the total State. They not only consciously risked their lives for their convictions; they shamed many of their comrades by keeping faith with Germany while breaking their allegiance to the Führer. Even more—although they failed in their immediate task, they succeeded in what they set out to do: they vindicated Germany, rescued her honour when even her best friends had almost given up hope.

RICHARD BARKELEY

The Shirt of Nessus. By Constantine FitzGibbon. Cassell, 21s.

REGENT OF HUNGARY

Whereas, during the early years of the present century, Great Britain and France regarded with apprehension the reckless policy pursued by imperial Germany, the Austro-Hungarian monarchy was deeply concerned with the growing menace of imperial Russia. In fact, the principal motive for the alliance of Austria-Hungary with Germany was fear of Russia. This fear compelled Francis Joseph to keep, even in time of peace, 700,000 soldiers under arms and to maintain a small but efficient navy. The last Commander-in-Chief of this navy was Admiral Nicholas de Horthy, who in 1920, by the overwhelming parliamentary majority of 131 to ten votes, was elected Regent of the independent kingdom of Hungary. During his regency frequent jests were made about this kingdom without a king; yet the Hungarian people were traditionally devoted to monarchical principles and institutions. From 1000 to 1918 Hungary was a kingdom; its constitution, one of the most ancient in Europe, dates from 1222—seven years after Magna Carta.

In the revolutionary turmoil that followed the 1914-1918 war King Charles, the last Habsburg ruler, was advised to appoint the radical politician Count Michael Károlyi to the office of Prime Minister. He was asked whether there was any substance in the rumour that he was a republican. Count Károlyi denied this rumour. Upon this denial he was appointed Prime Minister in October 1918, and waited less than a month to declare Hungary a republic. By unanimous vote of the National Assembly, Hungary became a kingdom again in 1920. This very unanimity was a tacit condemnation of Count Károlyi's radical and republican policy. From 1920 to 1944, in his capacity as Regent, Admiral Horthy reigned over the kingdom of Hungary. How, during these eventful and perilous years, he strove with unremitting energy and devotion to fulfil his constitutional duties is told in his recently published *Memoirs*. He writes with manifest sincerity and with a scrupulous desire to tell the truth. His narrative makes it clear that he cherished two primary ambitions: to promote the welfare of his people and to recover by peaceful means the ancient Hungary domains lost under the Treaty of Trianon (1920), which left Hungary with a mere twenty-eight per cent of its original territory. No patriotic Hungarian could accept so cruel a settlement as unalterable.

Salient events of Admiral Horthy's regency were the attempts of King Charles to regain the throne of Hungary in March and again in October 1921. Admiral Horthy has often been blamed for his refusal to countenance a restoration. At the first attempt he persuaded the King to return to his exile in Switzerland; at the second he had no alternative but to resort to arms. His conduct was determined not by the love of power but by the well-grounded fear of military intervention by the three Succession States, which were in constant dread lest a Habsburg restoration might endanger some of their ill-gotten territorial gains. He was bent on avoiding, at all costs, the invasion of the dismembered and disarmed Hungary by these rapacious neighbours. His situation was all the more perplexing since the three Succession States were actively supported by France, Great Britain, and Italy. "I should say," wrote the late Sir Patrick Ramsay, British Minister in Budapest from 1933 to 1935, "that Admiral Horthy's chief characteristic is to place his country's interests sternly before his own, and that is the explanation of those actions of his which have been most criticised by his opponents in Austrian and Hungarian aristocratic circles." Few who have studied the attempts of King Charles to return to the Throne of Hungary will disagree with this explanation.

At that time I was head of the Cipher Department of the Hungarian Foreign Office, where I had ample opportunity to study secret documents. The information which I thus acquired convinced me that, in the event of a restoration, the danger of total annihilation for Hungary at the hands of its predatory neighbours was by no means illusory. When King Charles left Hungary for ever, and the armies of the Succession States were demobilized, Dr. Beneš had the effrontery to ask for reimbursement of Czechoslovakia's mobilization costs—a demand that was very properly rejected. When the second world war broke out, Admiral Horthy's paramount desire was to preserve neutrality. Having crushed Poland and invaded most of Europe, the German Armies turned to the Balkans. With the object of invading Yugoslavia, with which Hungary had recently concluded a treaty of friendship, Hitler demanded the right of passage through Hungary. The Regent and Count Teleki, the Prime Minister, vainly endeavoured to check their advance. When Teleki saw that resistance was hopeless, he took his own life. Commenting on his death, Sir Winston Churchill declared that this sacrifice should not be forgotten in the peace negotiations.

For several reasons of policy and geography it was unfortunately impossible for Hungary to preserve neutrality. Driven into an unpopular alliance with Germany, it participated in military operations only against Soviet Russia, which, as events have proved, was to become the great enemy of free men throughout the world. While Admiral Horthy was in Germany to notify Hitler of his intention to withdraw the Hungarian troops from the Russian front, Hitler gave secret orders for eleven German divisions to invade and occupy Hungary. The Germans were later ousted by the Russians, whose much vaunted "liberation" of the country has proved to be an abominable tyranny. During its long history Hungary has survived several foreign invasions; it will surely find deliverance from the Muscovite oppressor too.

PAUL DE HEVERSY

Memoirs. By Admiral Nicholas Horthy. Hutchinson, 25s.

KIPLING

In the brilliant biased chapter on Kipling included in George Moore's *Avowals*, that author makes a number of shrewd remarks. Kipling, he considers, "writes with the eye that appreciates all that the eye can see, but of the heart he knows nothing, for the heart cannot be observed; his characters are therefore external, and they are stationary." These are hard and sweeping distinctions, but they do apply, in a certain way, to Mr. Charles Carrington's biography of Kipling—quite rightly claimed to be the first detailed and authorised account. The portrait of Kipling emerging from this study is curiously "external" and "stationary"; a figure elaborated from "all the eye can see" but little forthcoming in regard to the heart. Mr. Carrington has engaged in vast research, and has had the privilege of unrestricted access to the author's private family papers. Because of this last factor, perhaps, a note of caution prevails throughout. The book contains the material requisite for a full picture of its subject, the material for a balanced judgement, but this is what Mr. Carrington avoids. His work abounds in unexpanded statements, in clues we should like to see followed, but which he no sooner picks up than puts down. Kipling himself was obsessed with privacy, and Mr. Carrington courteously respects his subject's clearly abnormal reserve. This leaves him in the trying dilemma of knowing more than he can tell. Kipling himself never spoke out, and now Mr. Carrington cannot speak out for him. The result is a biography, highly valuable in source-material, but unable to satisfy our questions about this loved and deprecated author.

Concerning the worth of Kipling's verse and prose, and the merits or demerits of his attitude to life, there are few balanced estimates, at least in this country. (The best single essay known to me on Kipling is that by André Maurois in his book *Seven Prophets*.) Political bigotry has made an assessment of Kipling's status so difficult and irritable an issue. The die-hards of the Right and the Left have written him up or off, according to their faction, without a discriminating individual hearing. What seems desirable in this predicament is that Kipling should be approached by a writer free from powerful prejudice, both in literary and political affairs.

It is true that Mr. Carrington's Conservative opinions are of a reasonable nature, but when it comes to literary culture his narrow tastes prevent a clear perspective. Again the

need for a Kipling critic with a liberal mind becomes apparent. Those who employ him as a pawn in the still-contested battle of Traditionalists and Moderns will not have singleness of vision. In order to estimate Kipling aright, one should, I feel, be able to enjoy both Walter de la Mare and T. S. Eliot, both John Masefield and Ezra Pound; this, Mr. Carrington cannot do. His culture and politics are inadequate for the work required, because of their limited historical sense. None the less, this book has genuine importance. Whatever biographical verdict we arrive at on Kipling the man must be based on facts; and on these Mr. Carrington is unimpeachable. Only when some of our preconceptions have been corrected by authenticated fact can anything like a reasoned view prevail. In helping us towards this end, Mr. Carrington deserves our thanks.

DEREK STANFORD

Rudyard Kipling: His Life and Work. By Charles Carrington. Macmillan, 25s.

THE PERSONALITY OF HENRY JAMES

Henry James: self-portrait (restored); collector's item. That is to say, about half the letters are hitherto unpublished (if only the otherwise exemplary editor would tell us which!), and the entire text is pure James let loose, unshaped by action, characters or situation; magnificent or maddening according to the ground it falls on. Forty years after his death he still excites the personal prejudices even of expert critics like the BBC performers, who found the Emperor's clothes elaborate but could not see a man in them. In counter-prejudice let me say as one who chanced, when young and fairly leisured, to have gorged on James' memoirs supplemented by Percy Lubbock's two-volume edition of the Letters, that there exists a personality all the richer for surrounding its life-blood by an insulating layer of verbal elegance. The real—that is the honest, generous, lovable—man is just sufficiently veiled to endow attentive readers with a sense of privilege and special permission as they trace him gradually unfolding and developing. Taken that way he becomes a friend for all time.

Mr. Edel has set out to simplify and speed the exploration by grouping his chosen letters into subject-matter, showing one and another aspect of the typical James. For a generation that devotes less time to reading, the plan is a sound one, establishing a swifter self-portrait-ure than the four big volumes. The greedy Jacobite may find it over-short; but in quality it is tightly packed and broadly representative. Most of the Jameses we have known come into it; and one that would until recently have shocked the squeamish booklover—H.J.'s diamond-keen efficiency on the business side. Living on his earnings before literary agents had set up, he was every inch professional, from the working out of serial instalments to the price required for them. His one big mistake was in turning to the theatre for quick rewards. That aspect—or interlude, for he planned, as he told William Archer in 1890, "a resolute theatrical attempt"—is shown here in his letters to managers and actors, culminating, in 1909 when hope was dying, with a fine tirade in reply to G.B.S.'s query "Why have you done this thing?"—"Because," wrote James, "I happen to be a man of imagination and taste, extremely interested in life. . . ."

The diagnosis holds in all these sections, starting with the youth's reports sent home to friends and family from Europe. Interested in life, and, we may add, appalled by death. For Mr. Edel does not fail to touch on that adorable cousin Minnie Temple, "the very heroine of our common scene," whose early death, in *Notes of a Son and Brother*, brought such heartbreak to us all that ten Ophelias and two Juliets could not equal it. Here we have Henry's comment to his mother—long drawn-out in sadness and bewilderment because he could neither stop nor change the subject. But this, the anti-Jacobites argue, is the unformed James, before the incrustations. On the contrary, he was to crystallize his feelings. Turn to the later section, headed "Admirable Friend," and note the monosyllables in his tribute to the death of aged Mrs. Procter who had known the Romantic Poets: "She was a kind of window in the past—now it's closed there is so much less air."

There is air as well as ingenuity in the answers to young novelists whose shapeless works he had to read and analyse. The cunning rogue is never more paternally affectionate than when giving the death-stab: "It isn't written *at all*, darling Hugh. . . . It remains loose and far. . . . But can you forgive all this to your fondest old reaching-out-his-arms-to-you H.J.?" The affection (say what you will) was genuine; it flowers outstandingly in his

letters to R. L. Stevenson. We have only one here, and none, alas, to Rupert Brooke whose death became part of war's enveloping tragedy for James. Affection for his own created characters is beautifully displayed in a rejoinder to that formidable guardian of public morals Eliza Lynn Linton: "Poor little Daisy Miller was, as I understand her, above all things *innocent*." Lovingly and unsparingly he dissects his fragile Daisy, a true child of this "man of imagination and taste," who proves himself here, as at a thousand points in this superb selection (*pace* the anti-Jacobites) profoundly sympathetic and "extremely interested in life."

SYLVA NORMAN

Selected Letters of Henry James. Edited and Introduced by Leon Edel. Rupert Hart-Davis, 16s.

D. H. LAWRENCE AS CRITIC

After long months trekking back and forth across the frozen steppes of modern literary criticism this admirable selection from the literary exhortations of D. H. Lawrence provides a welcome holiday in a warmer, more exhilarating, slightly perverse climate. The depersonalized scientific approach to literature that brands the work of many contemporary critics would have driven Lawrence to extremes of eloquent rage. "Literary criticism," he wrote, "can be no more than a reasoned account of the feeling produced upon the critic by the book he is criticising. Criticism can never be a science: it is, in the first place, much too personal, and in the second, it is concerned with values that science ignores. The touchstone is emotion, not reason."

He approached his own critical work in this spirit, as one emotionally alive person apprehending the literary creation of another person, and did not attempt the ruthless dissection of isolated parts. His own criticism, full of brash assertions, unfair assessments and comments that spring directly from his heart, would fall an easy prey to analytical appraisal. Yet in the process the essential Lawrence, the solid, sensitive core of his criticism, would be overlooked. His concern was to discover what the subject of his criticism meant for him, for the artist, for all thinking, feeling human beings. He attempts to translate the personal impact of, say, Thomas Hardy, upon his heart and mind and not just upon his austere detached other-self. To do this he identifies himself with his subject and thus plumbs the secret depths. His errors arise when that identification is incomplete; when Lawrence himself remains too much the master, as in his strictures on Joyce ("nothing but old fags and cabbage-stumps of quotations from the Bible and the rest, stewed in the juice of deliberate dirty-mindedness"), on Proust ("too much water-jelly—I can't read him"), and in his change of mind about the true value of Keats' "Ode to a Nightingale." But listen to him when from what Aldous Huxley has called his "continuously springing fountain of vitality" he writes about free verse:

Much has been written about free verse. But all that can be said, first and last, is that free verse is, or should be, direct utterance from the instant, whole man. It is the soul, and the mind and body surging at once, nothing left out. They speak all together. There is some confusion, some discord. But the confusion and the discord only belong to the reality, as noise belongs to the plunge of water. It is no use inventing fancy laws for free verse, no use drawing a melodic line which all the feet must toe. Free verse toes no melodic line, no matter what drill-sergeant. Whitman pruned away his clichés—perhaps his clichés of rhythm as well as of phrase. And this is about all we can do, deliberately, with free verse. We can get rid of the stereotyped movements and the old hackneyed associations of sound and sense. We can break down those artificial conduits and canals through which we do so love to force our utterance. We can break the stiff neck of habit. We can be in ourselves spontaneous and flexible as flame, we can see that utterance rushes out without artificial form or artificial smoothness. But we cannot positively prescribe any motion, any rhythm. All the laws we invent or discover will fail to apply to free verse. They will only apply to some form of restricted, limited unfree verse.

Exaggerated rhetoric? Perhaps. Certainly detailed analysis could reduce it to a rubbish heap. Yet, when the sun shone, the indestructible jewels would still sparkle, for if this extract exposes the weakness of Lawrence the critic it also reveals his strength. For us, in

the aridity of our present critical situation it is enough to listen with the inward ear and enjoy.

B. EVAN OWEN

D. H. Lawrence: Selected Literary Criticism. Edited by Anthony Beal. Heinemann, 21s.

NOVELS

Mr. James Hanley is the laureate of the lost and despairing; of the seafarer and the lone wanderer upon earth. His characters are instinctive rather than intellectual which gives them a curious affinity with those of a very different novelist for whom, creatively, the human flotsam he writes of did not exist. But whereas Mrs. Woolf's high-browed heroines are the self-immolating victims of "the stream of consciousness" Mr. Hanley's characters are the ill-equipped creatures of circumstance. The eponymous hero of his new novel *Levine*, for example, is aware of life only dimly, as the alternation of sensual pleasure and pain. He is a stranded Polish sailor who strikes blindly at the siren who would lure him from the sea. His pitiful victim, the sex-hungry Grace, is more articulate; indeed at times she is too articulate. We are aware of Mr. Hanley "ghosting" her diary. *Levine* is a tale of frustration, deprivation, suffering and death. We are shown the human animal in dumb anguish and despair; in the shadow. There is virtually no sunlight in these pages though they are warmed by compassion. Mr. Hanley, one suspects, has a cult of the Natural Man who is not to him the Noble Savage beloved of E. M. Forster and the neo-pagan humanist but the exile, the outcast and the down-and-out—the lone and desperate fugitive such as *Levine* who is a man stripped to his basic appetites and a bewildered, groping mind. He is a modern Everyman without Goods or Fellowship who has lost his faith in God. His thought may be banal but he feels deeply and it is this that engages our interest and our pity. The novel, told in flash-backs, with its major climacteric in the first chapter, is a *tour de force*. There are brilliant if cruel sketches of poor Grace's "unco guid" parents and a sympathetic study of a Roman Catholic priest, but Mr. Hanley is less successful with his Protestant policemen. Why is it that in so many books Protestants are portrayed as being ill at ease with priests? Could it be that they are supposed to have a sense of guilt about the Reformation?

Tolstoy, who felt that the novel should convey feeling rather than thought, would have preferred *Levine* to *The Undoubted Deed* by Jocelyn Davey, a donnish *jeu d'esprit* about murder in the British Embassy in Washington. This is the diplomatic lunatic fringe of Burgess and Maclean. Among the cast are the Ambassador, an eccentric V.C. Admiral who makes his own fireworks, and a lady secretary who loves cats and was a champion revolver shot at Bisley. A philosopher turned Foreign Office nark—Oxon. ex Balkans—is the bearded hero and there is a Caledonian scientist coyly called Walter Scott. At the heads of chapters there are quotations from Auden and Shakespeare, Crabbe and Dylan Thomas. Such names as Croce and Freud are bandied about, even by the American police, while dark references to *Moby Dick* and the first chapter of *The Golden Bough* provide a sinister *leit-motif*. At the start it reads like the young Huxley of *Crome Yellow* and at the end it turns to long-haired Simenon. Add Michael Innes and Mary McCarthy and one gets a fair idea of the recipe for this heady literary cocktail.

In M. Pierre Gascar's stories in *Beasts and Men* we are given a stark picture of Modern Man endlessly at war with the animal kingdom and preying inhumanly on his own kind. The absence of anthropomorphism in M. Gascar's writing, proudly noted by his publishers, is really a limitation. It is he, not mankind in general, who is out of touch with animals because he thinks of them as fearful, unknowable creatures of another world. If he went even half of the way with Kenneth Grahame he would realize that real contact can be, and often is, made between beasts and men. Nevertheless in the brilliant tale he calls *The House of Blood*, which is about a mad butcher and a revolted yet fascinated small boy, the inescapable horror of a slaughter house is brought sickeningly home to us. Some of the scenes in this are as vivid and gruesome as an early Rembrandt. The last story "The Season of the Dead" conveys unforgettably what Hitler's "solution" to the Jewish problem really meant in human terms.

LUKE PARSONS

Levine. By James Hanley. Macdonald, 15s.

The Undoubted Deed. By Jocelyn Davey. Chatto & Windus, 13s. 6d.

Beasts and Men. By Pierre Gascar. Methuen, 12s. 6d.

BOOKS ON THE TABLE

Most of them could be tied up into a bundle of Britain, with *STRANGE ISLAND* (Longmans, Green. 21s.) on top as a sort of guide to the contents. The book is also corrective and admonition, for Francesca M. Wilson has compiled and edited a great collection of what foreigners in five hundred years have been thinking about us. Nothing the Briton is supposed to enjoy saying about himself has been left unsaid apparently by the rest of the world, as these instructive pages so richly demonstrate. Here is Froissart who visited our shores in 1395 and found the English "courteous to strangers," Richard II speaking French perfectly, and the savage Scots dour and suspicious; here too is the delicious André Maurois advising the young Frenchman: "In France it is rude to let a conversation drop; in England it is rash to keep it up. . . . Be modest. If you have crossed the Atlantic alone in a small boat, say: 'I do a little sailing'." In between, are hostile and friendly critics of many nations: even Casanova who found our customs' examination impertinent; even Dostoevsky, whose eight days' stay convinced him of the brutishness of London's streets; even King Khama, amused to be asked as the big game hunter of the Bamangwato "to ride after hounds that were chasing a little fox"; even Mendelssohn, enjoying an April fog and entranced by the "slender, beautiful daughters" of "those stout John Bulls." With the six sections introduced by the exemplary editor and the biographical details of the writers listed, background and behaviour are integrated, and, with consistency and contradiction abounding, never before can an anthology have so galvanised the truth in the truism that while all changes all remains the same.

Old English

Some of those changes that belong equally to the present are the stuff of Peter Hunter Blair's *ANGLO-SAXON ENGLAND* (Cambridge University Press. 30s.). Their "magnitude is unsurpassed in the later history of Britain" he says, and they "were accompanied by a breakdown in those processes of recording history which are the normal accompaniments of literate civilizations in less turbulent ages." Nevertheless his tackling of the difficulties has produced a mass of more than supposition and an impressive study of

sources. From the traditions of the invasions of Roman Britain by the Germanic tribes, from the evidence of archaeology, place names and geographical factors, he builds the kingdoms and traces their tentative moves to unity. After the Vikings had shared in the creation of England, and when the Danes had finished their rule, the old line of Wessex was restored too late by Edward the Confessor, and the battlefield near Hastings was the doom of the Anglo-Saxon State. Yet it was able to bequeath the seeds of Christian religion, the monarchical system, local and national government, social economy in countryside and town and trade, and the English language. And with its maturing scholarship and its fund of vernacular poetry and chronicles were the beauties of its illustrated manuscripts, its achievements in architecture, tapestry and jewellery, and to these the book's many illustrations do ample honour.

"The Lay of the Labourer"

Illustrations less gracious but equally free of conjecture are profuse in *THE MAKING OF MODERN BRITAIN* by T. K. Derry and T. L. Jarman (*John Murray. 12s. 6d.*). Here is to be seen a highly decorated trade union membership card of 1811, or an Edwardian motor-car, or a child hauled up from work in the mine, a Victorian workhouse or a Birmingham slum, a plutonium factory or a child clinic, and all of them are majestically frontispiced by the spread of Canaletto's "View of London" in 1746. The span of the authors stretches from George III to Elizabeth II, from village life in the eighteenth century to the Welfare State inaugurated "to catch up with arrears of progress" in July 1945, from the days when employers refused to engage a trade union man to these of trade union tyranny. In the section "Social History in Contemporary Verse" (from Crabbe to John Betjeman) it is disconcerting not to find Ebenezer Elliott's "When wilt thou save the people?" which was sung with tremendous and even histrionic energy in church up to only a bare generation ago. But the authors have wholly succeeded in their broad presentation of an industrial revolution dissolved into the urban civilization of this crowded island. And while avoiding the snare of propaganda they have rightly appreciated that social and economic

history is incomplete without the record of how men win their living, make their homes, and occupy their leisure.

The work of our hands

How Mr. Ernest Thesiger at least occupies it—waiting to go on in the theatre he avers—may be attested in the astonishing skill of his needlework canvases in a very English craft. For both sexes *HISTORICAL DESIGNS FOR EMBROIDERY* (Batsford. 16s.) assembles the contents of the late Louisa F. Pesel's books, and Etta Campbell, herself teaching at Winchester School of Arts, has edited and introduced it. Rough arithmetic discloses that there are nearly 300 charts copied from pieces in the Victoria and Albert Museum and elsewhere. The initial disappointment that they are not in colour was immediately replaced by the reflection that choosing, matching and contrasting the shades is half the fun, and a good part of the other half is in savouring the glowing result. The editor says: "Cross-stitch, especially, appeals to children. It is simple to do and affords a great opening for using colours, so popular with the young." One who is presumably young enough in heart to qualify, and who commenced cross-stitch but four months before the arrival of this volume, agrees with Miss Campbell that "half an hour each day" spent thus is indeed "a real tonic and rest"—chiefly from the strain of getting these three pages written. All the more thorough is the conversion, since it has occurred after life-long indifference to the products of a nimble-needled family. To their confounding and to her own bewildered delight, a couple of chair seats correctly executed, from patterns passed along well over a hundred years, have materialised. Learning technique ("the first necessity for good work") by virtue of counting threads is to be recommended as discipline without tears for those who have not yet experienced the positive pleasures of embroidery; the others are advised to acquire the book speedily for the widening of their interest and the enlargement of their repertoire.

Promoting Stratford

Another very English occupation, 'bardolatry' being a thriving industry too, is exemplified in the title of *SHAKESPEARE SURVEY 9* (Cambridge University Press.

21s.). Regret at the failure to receive the volumes after the first four of the series is re-aroused as beside them on the shelf goes the ninth. This, edited by Allardyce Nicoll as usual, has *Hamlet* for the main theme. The play itself, the costumes "from Garrick to Gielgud" with thirty-six portraits, its court setting, Globe and Comédie Française productions, great English twentieth century interpretations of the role (an essay in blissful memory, this, from Forbes-Robertson to Alec Guinness and Paul Scofield), and the Prince's "too solid flesh," are discussed in chapters contributed by authorities who include Clifford Leech and E. Martin Browne. J. Dover Wilson begins the second half of the survey describing "The New Way with Shakespeare's Texts," and there is the hitherto unpublished contemporary manuscript of the song "Get yee hence" from *A Winter's Tale*. We are spared any pronouncement, on the Walsingham equals Mr. W. H. formula, about Shakespeare's identity, and among the other critical studies we learn how the Continent regarded Garrick's Stratford Jubilee in 1769. Hardly equalled today could be this piece of Shakespearian publicity, whereby his countrymen were made to appear to the French "rising as one man to honour this great Child of Nature" in a spontaneous folk movement, when in fact the English, true to form, were either hostile or indifferent.

Classics by the million

And what could be more English than *Everyman*, play and publisher? The first, No. 381 *EVERYMAN AND MEDIEVAL MIRACLE PLAYS*, edited and revised by A. C. Cawley (J. M. Dent. 6s.), has been re-issued to coincide with the second's fiftieth anniversary. To celebrate this, No. 1000 triumphantly arrives, in a choice that would have especially gratified the founder, whose dream was to bring the 'classics'—works with an indisputable claim to permanence—cheaply to the people, and who managed 155 of them at a shilling each in the first year of his enterprise. *ARISTOTLE'S METAPHYSICS* (7s.) is newly translated and edited by John Warrington. Our foremost Aristotelian Sir David Ross tells in his Introduction of the philosopher being "the first to conceive of metaphysics as a separate object of study," and, while

the inherent obstacles to easy reading are not whisked away, the classical scholar in Mr. Warrington has met the challenge of the horde's ignorance of Greek by smoothing out the involved and obscure style and by re-arranging in logical order the fourteen books whose content has so deeply influenced western thought. The complexities are still formidable, but they are bathed in a rosy glow for one who, politics permitting, will have looked on Athens for the first time when this notice appears. *I Promessi Sposi*, Alessandro Manzoni's story of seventeenth century Milan was sought and easily found in Italy a year before Archibald Colquhoun's translation was published in 1951. *THE BETROTHED* (7s.) makes an Everyman's Library golden jubilee re-appearance as No. 999. His Preface states that "children in the Italian Government schools now begin studying it at the age of nine" and "Tuscan peasants quote pages of it by heart," and his biographical sketch of Manzoni is a helpful pointer to the forces that put forth a book of such universal appeal. "No translator" says this one "can hope to reproduce the cadence, the subtlety, the terseness, of its original prose." But, as cadence begins with his opening

sentence and the other qualities follow, Mr. Colquhoun perhaps is not immune either to the British habit of understatement.

Mr. Speaker, Sir

Downright neglect to write "The History of a Unique British Institution" is charged in *QUESTIONS IN THE HOUSE (The Bodley Head, 18s.)*. Patrick Howarth has remedied the omission with a factual and often funny book. He startles often, for example when he states: "In England a parliamentary question is recorded as having been asked in 1721; the first time a question was asked in the United States House of Representatives was in 1950." From the Whig supremacy, through the age of oratory and the change of emphasis caused by war in the 1800's, through reformed and continued growth in the House, to the Irish and the closure around 1880, the questions rain down. They start with the absconding cashier in the South Sea Company and end with the practice of wasting time by reading them. Such is his entertainment value alone, that Mr. Howarth's researches into the inquisitiveness of twentieth century Members should not be delayed.

GRACE BANYARD

BY THE STATUE OF THOMAS HARDY, DORCHESTER

*Bird-keen of profile, frail in age, he broods,
Legs crossed, squire's hat upon the gaitered knees,
High above Casterbridge at evening.
Watching, alert of eye, his Wessex meadows
Put off their neutral hues, pulse with renewal,
From winter leap to bud and break in April,
He hears the earth turn once again to spring.*

*While limes unfurl and chestnut-candles whiten,
Through dusk of leaves the whispering lovers pass,
Warm fingers twining. Those impassive eyes,
Heavy with prescience, seem then to quicken
In pity for the unsuspecting striplings—
Playthings of Fate, whose joy so soon must suffer
The shadowing of piled and sombre skies.*

*Meagre his hope—yet ached that long compassion
For humans crossed by a malignant star,
Small and forsaken on their darkling heath.
From your sad world in Spring one sends you greeting
And a green wish: that kinder is your faring,
O wise, ironic one, where you may wander,
Time's sport no more, the other side of death.*

MARGARET WILLY

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be delivered." (Joel ii. 32)

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